The Nation.

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The Week.

Mr. Carnegie's field-day before the Ways and Means Committee was marked by such slaughter as has scarcely been seen since Bannockburn. Dead and dying "standpatters" covered the ground. Their discomfiture was the more notable from the fact that they had expected to do the triumphing themselves. It was all very fine for Mr. Carnegie to write a magazine article, but wait till he had to face the expert cross-questioning of Payne and Dalzell! The subpœna to compel his attendance was issued with many nods and wreathed smiles: come and see the confident Scotchman butchered to make a protectionist holiday. Well, the eager audience was there to see. The cleaver, however, was not in the hands, but in the heads, of Payne and Dalzell. Amid all the amusing sallies and audacities of Mr. Carnegie's testimony, one or two points of the utmost importance remain fixed. It is certain, for example, that the old steel duties are gone, never to return. No Ways and Means Committee, no party, could hold up its head after proposing to reënact them. The supporters of such rates would be laughed out of Congress, and covered with ridicule throughout the country. From one set of needless and offensive tariff duties Mr. Carnegie has powerfully helped to free the American people; and the same arguments which he offered will apply to other schedules in the tariff—even to those which Mr. Carnegie would like to see retained in their high protectionist form. Incidentally, Mr. Carnegie brought out the essentially partial and prejudiced nature of the statements of interested manufacturers and others at the Ways and Means hearings. "If a judge was interested in a cause, you would not respect his decision, would you?" With that simple question, Mr. Carnegie swept away the *ex-parte* representations which had been made to the committee. Men come with solemn faces to specify what taxes must be levied to keep their business from ruin, but they are judges in their own cause; they are seeking merely to put money in their own pockets. This has always been the vice of tariff hearings—a procession of millionaires who go to Washington in the form of paupers to beg tariff crusts.

One belated diversion the high-tariff people are now trying to make. They betray a sudden anxiety about the revenue. It may be, they say, that a case has been made out for lowering or abolishing certain duties, which are not needed for protection, but what is the Treasury going to do for money? They point to the huge and constantly accumulating deficit—nearly $60,000,000 for this fiscal year alone—and ask how we can possibly spare the income from high duties. But the moment you begin to talk of the tariff as needed for revenue, that moment you abandon the protectionist point of view. To fix the duties at a level where they would produce the greatest revenue is a process which has nothing to do with protection. Instead of keeping up the rates for the purpose of bringing in more money, the true way might be to cut them in two. This was the great economic truth which David A. Wells established when Commissioner of Internal Revenue. He urged the reduction of the tax on whiskey from two dollars to one dollar a gallon, on the ground that by halving the tax, you would double the revenue; and the result showed that he was right. The same principle would apply in the case of hundreds of tariff taxes. If it is really revenue that we want to get from them, they ought to be lowered rather than raised. Ten automobiles imported under a tax of $100 mean twice the revenue produced by a tax of $500, under which only one would be imported. If the argument on the score of greed and oppression is all against the high tariff taxes, so is the argument from revenue. Any competent Finance Minister with a free hand—a Gladstone, a Turgot, any minister responsible for the finances of Germany, or France, or England to-day—would jump at the chance of raising the needed revenue for the American government. He would see vast sources of taxation here practically untouched. We can but hail this new anxiety of the "standpatters" over the condition of the Treasury. It may lead them to recall Senator Aldrich's admission that of all sources of revenue a protective tariff has become the most untrustworthy.

Senator Knox's acceptance of the portfolio of the State Department under the new administration assures a conduct of foreign relations that is steady, unemotional, and thoroughly competent. In seeking a Secretary of this type, Mr. Taft shows, what was otherwise abundantly evident, that he wants quiet but able men about him. It is impossible to imagine Mr. Knox doing anything explosive. The fact that he has been a corporation lawyer, and that by his exposure of the unconstitutionality of Mr. Roosevelt's original railway-rates bill, he got on the list of undesirables, has not deterred Mr. Taft in looking for special skill and the judicial temperament wherever they were to be found. He is quoted as saying that Senator Knox was not merely a man in public life who was a highly qualified Secretary, but the "only one." This is a little hard on the others. Senator Lodge, for example, might be inclined to resent it, after his long service on the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Senate. Lodge has, indeed, been mentioned by his friends for the State Department, but, though Massachusetts would have been proud to see him disappear from the Senate, the country will think itself lucky to get Senator Knox instead.

Disquiet about the plans for the Panama Canal cannot fail to be deepened by Mr. Taft's announcement that he is to go to the Isthmus, accompanied by several expert and disinterested engineers, to study the whole question afresh. If a radical alteration of the plans is necessary, Judge Taft declares that he will not hesitate to have it made. What people will fear is that he has received privately from Col. Goethals more alarming reports about the conditions at Gatun than the public has been allowed to hear. It is known that the proposed dam and flight of locks at Gatun were from the first severely criticised by competent engineers. Their demand was that, at the least, more thorough exploration of the site, and more exhaustive studies, should be made

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before committing the government to a vast expenditure that might lead only to a catastrophe. That demand was brushed aside, but now, apparently, it is to be met, at this late day. Better late than never, of course, but the reconsideration will not enamour Congress or the country of a project which had such weighty expert opinion against it, and which is certain to cost three times the original estimate.

President Roosevelt had good grounds for his attack upon the New York *World*. That newspaper has not been able to substantiate grave editorial allegations of wrong-doing in the purchase of the Panama Canal. Any newspaper guilty of such blunders, whatever its motive, must take the consequences. Its dragging in of the names of Douglas Robinson and Charles P. Taft it now admits to have been wholly gratuitous. As in the case of its bogus interview with Kaiser William, an imposition of this kind damages not merely the *World*, but the entire newspaper fraternity. When it comes, however, to Mr. Roosevelt's language and method of rebuking Mr. Pulitzer, nothing can be said in their defence. The President of the United States should not so far forget himself and his office as to lay no restraint upon the bitterness of his anger and the violence of his epithets. Historian as he himself is, nobody should know better than Mr. Roosevelt that his long series of violent denunciations and of branding men as liars will always be a terrible indictment of the sanity and wisdom of his Administration.

Gen. Clarence R. Edwards, the chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs, says in his annual report that it is still too early to decide the exact value to the government and the people of the islands of the experiment of educating Filipino students in this country. Every sign points, he affirms, to the "immense importance" of the movement. As for the individual students now here, their work has averaged "very good," and, in one or two cases, is of an "exceptionally high order." Naturally, one must consider the analogies to judge the value and effect of the policy. There is India. Thousands of its citizens have been educated in the homes of their conquerors, and some of them have won highest honors at the universities. But, while they have absorbed the culture of the West, they have gone home as much a race distinct as when they came, in their ideals and their hopes for their native land. It is certain that their influence has not been thrown in favor of the dominating white man and against the present stirring of the masses. So it is likely to be with the Filipinos. It is difficult to believe that the Filipinos who have been educated in this country will ever be at home anything but advocates of Philippine independence.

Whatever may have been the misconduct of certain soldiers of the Twenty-fifth Infantry at Brownsville, it is a fact that their brethren in the service are winning high praise. Following in the footsteps of a recent commander of the Cavalry School at Fort Riley, Col. H. L. Scott has again nothing but praise for the colored cavalry detachment under his command at West Point:

> The cavalry detachment (colored) has continued its excellent showing and has *demonstrated still further the advantages* of colored over white men for this duty. There is a waiting list now, and only experienced men having former service and *very good and excellent records* are accepted.

The Adjutant-General's annual report gives further praise to the colored troops by saying that, while the percentage of desertions among the white troops is 4.7 per cent., that of the colored is hardly more than one-half of one per cent. This trait of loyalty has long been noticed, as has the greater abstinence of the colored soldiers. Their devotion to their officers also distinguishes them. Incidentally, it may be noted that for nearly a year past there has been much friction between the troops of the Second Cavalry at Fort Des Moines and the people of that city, who declare that these white soldiers are largely a set of drunken rowdies. Press and pulpit have denounced them. It is not, then, the black troops who are wholly to blame for outbreaks of ill-feeling.

Pittsburgh offers us the latest revelations of corrupt alliances between "business men of high standing" and base politicians. Some bank officials there have, it appears, been paying councilmen handsomely to retain for their institutions the privilege of acting as depositories of city funds. Of course, the defence will be the old one, heard so often in New York, San Francisco, Philadelphia—wherever graft has reigned. Since the stockholders would make rather than lose money by the transaction, and the corrupt officials were there, the only thing to do was to be practical and "get the business." These same bank officials are doubtless models of correct deportment in their own homes: upon the adulterer, the swindler, the drunkard, the burglar, they look with holy horror. But to misappropriate bank funds to buy the city officials is sound business policy. Well, the result is for the city another story of shame, and for the bribers, let us hope, a straight road to jail. As President Eliot said in his speech here the other evening, the bribe-givers in a case like this are much worse than the bribe-takers. They sin knowingly and deliberately, and merely for the gain of a few dollars. Next month, the trial of some of the alleged bribe-givers in San Francisco will be held. If they and the Pittsburgh criminals are sentenced for long terms, it will be a blessing to the whole country, and may result in a decrease of crime among our most estimable and influential citizens.

The decision of the up-State Public Service Commission, in the matter of the Delaware and Hudson Railroad's proposed new bond issue, involves some important principles. In 1906, a trolley company operating in the district around Saratoga and Lake George, and known as the Hudson Valley Railway, was bought up, through subsidiary companies, by the Delaware and Hudson. The financing of the purchase was somewhat complicated, but it depended ultimately on the raising of $4,665,000, on its own short-term notes, by the Delaware and Hudson. These notes the company wishes to take up by placing a mortgage on its own property. That plan the commission now refuses to approve, on the ground that the trolley property is disconnected from the Delaware and Hudson's steam railway operations, and has "no definite relation thereto." To mortgage the Delaware and Hudson's own property in order "to pay a debt incurred in the purchase of a totally disconnected property" is contrary to the purposes of the statute, and cannot be allowed. The company's application, similarly to mortgage its own

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property to take up $2,500,000 notes issued to buy up Pennsylvania coal lands, is also denied, on the ground that the coal property itself ought to be pledged for such a purpose.

The Delaware and Hudson officers announce that the matter will at once be carried into the courts. If so, we shall presently have a significant ruling on the scope of the commission's powers. Our own judgment is that the commission not only acted within its authority, but that its reasoning is sound. Its decision can be attacked, we believe, only by attacking the statute conferring the powers thus exercised. The case at issue is unusually clear, and with direct bearing on the fundamental purposes of reform, with a view to which the commission was created. One has only to recall the scandal of the Union Pacific's investment, during that same year 1906, of $120,000,000 of its shareholders' money—most of it raised by mortgaging the Union Pacific property—in the stock of railways "operating a wholly disconnected property," in some cases separated from the Union Pacific's field by half of the American continent. The seeming helplessness of Union Pacific shareholders and creditors, against this most obnoxious and suspicious use of trust funds and credit, shows plainly the need for such restraint as New York State has empowered its Public Service Commissioners to apply. Ambitious and speculating railway men may as well make up their minds that, whatever incidental defects in a given statute the courts may find, the principle of supervision of this nature has come into our legislation to stay. We are equally convinced that honest, conservative, and right-minded railway men will welcome it.

Turkey's first Parliament met in March, 1877, but was swept away by the outbreak of war with Russia. Turkey's second Parliament assembled at Constantinople last week under far more favorable auspices. The outlook in the Near East is for peace. When the crisis over Bulgaria and Bosnia-Herzegovina arose, it seemed doubtful whether the Young Turks would be equal to the double task imposed on them. They had to uphold the national dignity so as to prevent the partisans of the old régime from raising the issue of a false patriotism, and at the same time they had to be sufficiently conciliatory towards Bulgaria and Austria-Hungary to make war and a second swamping of the Constitution impossible. The Turkish reformers have met the demands of the occasion. The new Parliament has the sympathy of the outside world and the support of the vast bulk of the Turkish nation. Turkey has what Russia and Persia have not had in great abundance—wise and temperate leaders. That group of statesmen-reformers whom we speak of as the Young Turks have the amazing record of a revolution effected quietly, bloodlessly, and completely; of a difficulty with foreign nations handled with skill and admirable patience; of domestic restlessness held firmly in check. If the Young Turks have managed Sultan, foreign diplomats, and excited Constantinopolitan mobs so successfully, the chances are in favor of their mastering the science of parliamentary government.

People are asking whether Turkey will disappoint expectations as Russia and Persia have, in large measure, done. That depends upon what we mean. In the sense that no great change of government can fulfil all the hopes born in high moments of revolutionary enthusiasm, the new Turkish Parliament will prove a disappointment. Sooner or later it is bound to come into conflict with the old régime, whether in the person of Abdul Hamid or some other Sultan; sooner or later the hotheads will attempt to seize control, produce crises, bring about adjournments or dissolutions, and succeed temporarily, or lose temporarily. Yet we ought not to expect a constitution to work well within a year, or five years, when a comparatively simple matter like an education bill keeps the British government busy for a half decade, when a workmen's insurance bill is debated in France for years, and when the tariff vexes us for two-score years. We know well enough that England's Parliament took four hundred years in the growing, yet are surprised at the feebleness of the Russian Duma—age, two years, six months. We know that France has passed through one hundred and twenty years of revolution and reaction without reaching absolutely firm ground. Germany's Reichstag, after thirty-seven years, has far less power than the new Turkish Parliament, with its right to overthrow or impeach the Sultan's Ministers. Yet if within the next few months business is not running smoothly, public hopes will be dashed.

CIVIL-SERVICE REFORM AND THE CENSUS BILL.

The annual meeting of the Civil-Service Reform League at Pittsburgh last week was naturally an occasion of rejoicing over victories won. Joseph H. Choate, as president, reviewed the history of the movement, and showed the astonishing advance in forty years. Practically all Federal offices were once plunder for the spoilsmen, but now nearly two-thirds are protected. Going back seven years, to the beginning of Mr. Roosevelt's Presidency, we find that in 1901 the classified service covered 108,967 persons, whereas now it embraces 220,000. It must not be forgotten, however, that some 117,000 new offices have been created. When President Roosevelt entered the White House there were 127,000 officials not sheltered by the civil-service rules; to-day there are 132,000. We mention these facts only to show that, in spite of all that Mr. Roosevelt has done, the struggle must be kept up incessantly.

In the report of the council of the League, prominence is given to the pending bill for taking the Census of 1910. This came up in the last session of Congress, and as reported by Representative Crumpacker provided that the employees should be appointed on the spoils basis. At the time, this attack on the merit system was headed off, and the bill went over; but this session it has already passed the House in the old objectionable form, and the Senate Committee has agreed to report it, all dripping with spoils as it is. Under these circumstances, there should be prompt action, and the stiffest kind of fight. To throw the Census employees to the political wolves would not only give civil-service reform a severe check, but would cause this important work to be done wastefully and loosely. The facts are beyond dispute. That the average quality of the clerks engaged in the last two censuses was quite below that of persons appointed after competitive examination, was certified to by the President in his message of last January. On this point the testimony of Carroll D. Wright, in charge of the

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Eleventh Census, is perfectly conclusive. After saying that the bringing of the employees into the classified service seems to him an absolute necessity, he declares:

> Had this been the rule in the Eleventh Census, there would have been, in my opinion, a saving of at least $2,000,000 and more than a year's time.

This makes the thing look a public crime. It is clearly a case for adducing that quotation from the Koran which John Stuart Mill cited in "On Liberty":

> A ruler who appoints any man to an office when there is in his dominions another man better qualified for it, sins against God and against the State.

We are aware of the defence which is made by the spoilsmen, in this particular instance. They allege that the appointment of the 4,000 Census clerks is only "temporary," and that the Civil Service Commission could not find or furnish sufficient candidates. But this the Commission itself flatly denies. It has already large numbers on its eligible lists, and stands ready to hold special examinations. Another assertion of those who prefer spoils to honest and business-like methods is that, under the civil service law, which provides for a geographical distribution of appointments, efficient clerks could not be had promptly. But for the Census employees it is expressly intended to waive this apportionment by States. All that is asked is a perfectly free and competitive examination, so that the most competent men may be chosen. Ah, reply the spoilsmen, but we also propose an examination. It is to be open to all "without regard to politics or personal or political endorsement." Only, it is to be a non-competitive examination. The proper comment on all this insincerity is made by Frederick H. Wines, who was Assistant Director of the Twelfth Census. As a matter of fact, no persons except those recommended by Congressmen were allowed to take these perfectly "open" examinations; and, says Mr. Wines:

> There were numerous instances in which an unsuccessful applicant was granted a second, third, or fourth trial, at the request of some Senator or Representative; and to the best of my knowledge and belief it occasionally happened that the rating made by the examiner upon the papers filed was arbitrarily changed after they left his custody. A rating of 75, with proper political or other endorsement, was sufficient to secure an appointment where a rating of 100 would count for nothing without it.

So much for non-competitive examinations. As President Roosevelt says, they are only "a cloak to hide the nakedness of the spoils system"—and a very tattered and transparent cloak at that.

The subject will come up in the Senate after the holidays. The spoilsmen have not a sound leg to stand upon. The President is strongly against them; the Director of the Census is against them; the best men in Congress are against them. It remains for public opinion and business sense to make themselves so felt that the impairing of the whole value of the Thirteenth Census may not be permitted, merely in order that Congressmen may divide 4,000 offices.

ENGLAND'S POLITICAL LEDGER.

With the prorogation of Parliament until the middle of February, a good deal of political stock-taking is going on in England. The work of the session is passed in review, the drift of bye-elections pointed out, the prospects of the parties canvassed, and the possibility of a dissolution and general election next year eagerly debated.

The most ardent supporter of the Liberal Ministry cannot deny that it has passed through an exceedingly bad year. Some successes it has had, with many failures, but the failures have been so large and sensational as to make people forget the successes. Certain legislative measures have been enacted, as promised. Chief among them is the old-age pension bill, which the Conservatives dared not oppose, though its principle is dangerous, its effectiveness doubtful, and its expense enormous. Another Liberal achievement is the Irish Universities bill; while the new legal protection thrown about children, and the shortening of the hours of labor in mines, may be adduced as a further redemption of Liberal pledges to pass laws for social betterment.

This would make up a fairly good record, were not the debit side of the ledger so long and lugubrious. Several capital pieces of legislation have been entirely lost. The Lords, it is true, were responsible for the defeat of the great Liberal temperance measure, the Licensing Bill. But this should have been foreseen. The time of the House of Commons, and the strength of the party, ought not to have been wasted upon a bill which the Lords were certain to throw out, unless the government had some firm and matured plan of dealing with the Lords thereafter. There was, however, no such plan. The Premier and members of the Cabinet had many brave words about "an irresponsible body," but the brave words have been empty. The direct method of meeting the issue would have been to dissolve and go to the country; but with the bye-elections running so ominously against them, the Liberals had no stomach for such a fight. So they are left, in this matter, chargeable with lack both of foresight and courage. Vacillation has also marked their course in two other important matters. They brought forward a new Education Bill, pressed it for a few days, and then withdrew it. They introduced a semi-protectionist measure relating to the English hop-industry, and shortly were forced to withdraw that also. All this gives an impression that there is want of leadership, or that the Cabinet or the party does not know its own mind. The net effect is to make the Liberal prospects depressing.

Predictions in such a time of hesitation and despondency cannot be worth much; but the shrewder opinion is that the government will neither resign nor seek the verdict of the country, at an early day. Mr. Asquith declared at the National Liberal Club that the government would not dissolve "at the time prescribed at its own caprice by an irresponsible assembly." Rather, the effort will be to rally the party and rouse public opinion behind a bill which will be in itself popular, and which will force the issue against the House of Lords. It is already intimated that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is drafting such a bill, or bills, in connection with the next budget. They will lay new burdens upon the land, and will impose fresh and heavy taxes upon the liquor trade. Then the Lords, as the great defenders of both landlords and liquor-sellers, will be asked what they are going to do about it. Tax bills they cannot amend. They will have to take them or leave them as the House of Commons sends them up. Should they venture to throw them, it would raise the issue of the power of the purse in a way that the Conservatives would find it awkward to meet. Should they, on the contrary, take the new taxes lying down, as they did the old-age pensions bill, it would

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go far to prove that the Lords act, not from conviction, but solely out of a desire to aid the Conservatives. In either case, the Liberals might hope to score heavily. "Finance," as Mr. Asquith remarks, "is an instrument of great potency and also of great flexibility."

While it remains so uncertain what the Lords will do, in a given case, and what their functions are to be in the future, it is not possible to kindle much interest in projects for merely recasting the constitution of the Upper House. This must be the chief reason why the recent report of Lord Rosebery's Select Committee on the reform of the House of Lords has fallen so flat. It contains many fruitful suggestions. If its recommendations were to be adopted, the idea of hereditary legislators would be deeply cut into. According to the Rosebery plan, the hereditary peers, as such, could not be "Lords of Parliament" unless they had some special qualification, and had been elected by their brother peers. The plan would also cut down the number of bishops with seat and vote, and would bring in, from time to time, men of approved ability and worth to represent the nation as a whole. But there seems no likelihood whatever that any such scheme of reform will be taken up in the present Parliament. The burning question is quite other. Shall the Lords be allowed to be merely an appanage of the Conservative party? Can the Liberals devise any means of carrying out the promises which their leaders have been making, from Gladstone to Asquith, respecting the due curbing of the power of the Lords? These are the matters which are agitating English politics, and until some method be found of settling them, or pushing them aside, it will not be possible to get a serious hearing for a debate whether the Lords shall number 300 or 600, and whether senile and bankrupt peers shall be excluded from the Gilded Chamber.

SECRET SOCIETIES AND POLITICS.

In the present Turkish revolution the Masonic lodges are said to have played an important part. Just how much they contributed to the success of the constitutional movement is, in the nature of things, bound to remain unknown. But if the Young Turkish leaders did actually make extensive use of the lodge as a means of revolutionary propaganda, that was only another illustration of the aptness with which the East has been borrowing its methods of revolution from Western Europe. Conspiracy, of course, is the only way in which despotism can be fought at the beginning; but it is conspiracy carried on with liturgical pomp that seems most effective as a political instrument. The late Persian revolution was looked upon as largely the work of the Masonic lodges; and in Persia, as in Turkey, it will be remembered, constitutional liberties were won almost by a *coup d'état.* In Turkey the reform party has drawn its inspiration chiefly from France, and from that quarter the Masonic idea in its modern form probably came to Persia, too. That the secret fraternal lodges should be so widely active in the struggle for political progress among the Mohammedan peoples is only in consonance with the historical character of Freemasonry in Europe.

In this country we find it hard to think of our secret societies as stores of political dynamite. We may recall that there was once a very considerable anti-Masonic flurry and even an anti-Masonic candidate for President. But we look at that movement now as one of the popular delusions that will carry the most staid nation off its feet, especially when stimulated by the politician with an axe to grind. On the whole, we could not think of our institutions as being threatened by a secret organization of which our Presidents are often leading members, just as democratic England sees no danger in an order whose head was the Prince of Wales. Among us, besides, the secret order has gained a reputation for innocuousness in direct proportion to its immense popularity. Whatever may have been the early character of the Free Masonic lodges, they are now confounded in the popular mind here with numberless other orders, whose object, when it is not some form of business coöperation or mutual aid, is the indulgence of a rather childish fancy for dressing up and playing at mystery.

But in France, the anti-republican elements charge the Masons and the Jews, or rather the Jews through the Masonic lodges, with having brought about the great Revolution, and with fostering every subsequent movement against authority, particularly as manifested in the Church. It is an accusation which the Masonic lodges have naturally never troubled themselves to refute. It is almost like being charged with having discovered America, or with pernicious activity in perfecting the aeroplane. To a large extent, the Masonic lodges did prepare the way for the French Revolution. They were the great debating club in which the lower middle classes discussed the new ideas put forward by the leading radical thinkers of the time. Not even the connection of Freemasonry with a Cagliostro can deprive it of that blame, or credit, as we look upon it. And because the conflict between reaction and revolutionary France has continued to the present day, the Masonic lodges have continued in full vigor. Especially since the settlement of the Dreyfus affair, the conservatives profess to look upon the French government as a government of Free Masons and Jews. The Separation Law is regarded as the handiwork of the lodges. Government appointments and government policy are, so runs the accusation, determined upon at the sessions of the Grand Orient. This is exaggeration of a substantial kernel of truth. That the Masons are very influential was shown a few years ago in the revelations concerning Gen. André's management of the War Office.

The Masonic lodges are strong in Italy, where, too, they have been lumped with the Jews as sworn enemies of established religion. The election of a man of Jewish descent as Mayor of Rome is cited as proof. But in Italy, as in France, Freemasonry is anti-Christian, chiefly to the extent that the advocates of political reaction have used Christianity and the Church as a screen for their purely secular ambitions. It has been the misfortune of the Church in France that it has stood for monarchism, and in Italy that it has set itself against the national aspiration of a rejuvenated, united, and thriving people. If the Masonic lodges are always found on the side of social progress, and official Christianity is always found on the side of reaction, then militant Freemasonry is bound to be anti-Christian, just as under similar circumstances it would be anti-Mohammedan in Turkey and anti-Shintoist in Japan. Its menace to ecclesiasticism is all the greater because it does offer a ritual and a creed for the satisfaction of the normal man. It is easy to see, for in-

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stance, how in Turkey, with its motley of nationalities and faiths, the Masonic lodge would offer a national meeting-place for the friends of political progress. That common cause would bring them together, and the lodges' monotheistic creed is respectful alike of Christian, Moslem, and Jew. By as much as Freemasonry may hold truer to the principle of human brotherhood than the established churches, by so much more will it go on making itself felt in the struggle of backward countries towards emancipation.

THE HISTORIAN AND THE DOCUMENT.

A scholar like Signor Ferrero, whose views on so remote a subject as the foundation of the early Roman Empire are quoted by the column in the newspapers, has a serious handicap to overcome. Thoughtful people will be suspicious of him. Can an historian who is brilliant in style, bold in his new interpretation of well-thumbed sources, and given to marshal his facts in accordance with a preëstablished philosophy of history, be as trustworthy as he is fascinating? To start with, brilliancy itself is disquieting. It is all very well to recall that there have been scientists and scholars who have combined charm with authority, men like Huxley and Haeckel, like Gibbon and Mommsen. But at bottom we are still slaves of the ideal of painful dulness which, rightly or wrongly, we associate with the spirit of modern German research. We sneer at Dryasdust but are afraid of him. The brilliant historian or critic is regarded as fair game for the Ph.D. who has just finished counting his syllables. One is so readable, the other is so quite the other thing—the readable scholar must be erratic, like most of the brilliant people we know.

When an historian is not only brilliant like Signor Ferrero, but, like him, assumes to write history in the light of a theory of his own, he has committed the sin of sins, he has trespassed against the Law of the Document, which is at the basis of all historical truth. To gather as many "sources" as one can lay hold of and to quote them without changing the spelling, that is the art of historiography in its highest manifestation as pictured to budding young scholars. The old historians adulterated the pure stream of truth with personal judgments, original interpretations, political conclusions based on such a non-political source as a great poem, a famous picture or statue, or even a popular legend. Germanic rigor has done away with all that. Make use of tradition? Of course not. Make use of second-hand accounts, of collateral sources, of comparative conditions somewhere else, of gossiping memoirs, of ill-informed correspondence? No. The Document reduced to its most insoluble form, that alone will do. Truth lies in the treaty of peace as it was written down on paper, in the judge's decision as it was filed on the court's records, in the Senate document number so and so, or in the official report of the International Reform Association as compiled by its own secretary. No guesswork, no intrusion of the personal element now or at the time of the fact; we are after the truth alone, however uninteresting.

But how if the official document often turns out as untruthful as it is uninteresting? The formalities of diplomacy have always been such as to make the written agreement only partly expressive of the living motives and acts that have produced it. Two hundred years from now, an historian dealing with the economic condition of Spain in 1898 may point out how badly pressed for money the Spanish government must have been when it sold the Philippine Islands to the United States for $20,000,000. In the course of a few months we may have documentary evidence laid up for the future, showing how Turkey foolishly gave up her sovereign rights over Bulgaria for so many million francs, and sold Bosnia-Herzegovina to Austria for an equal amount. The future biographer of Senator Jones may prove that Jones could not have been caught in a poolroom raid on February 6, 1909, because on that day he was delivering a four-hour speech on Philippine sugar in the Senate. But, as a matter of fact, the Senator's speech got into the *Congressional Record* under "leave to print," and Jones was really betting on the horses on that February day. A candidate for a political nomination is successful by 49 votes to 48, whereupon his nomination is made unanimous. From that unanimous vote history may draw wrong conclusions as to his popularity. The official programme of the annual meeting of the International Reform Association commemorates a President-elect of the United States as its principal speaker. But, as a matter of fact, the President-elect was at home that night with a bad cold. The files of the New York *Star* for 1912 disprove the common belief that Mme. Cavalcanti had been secretly married on March 11 to Signor Perugino, by reporting her glorious impersonation of "Aïda" on that night. Actually, the *Star's* musical critic played bridge that night, and wrote up his account from the official advance notices; so he didn't know that Mme. Delmonte had been substituted for Mme. Cavalcanti.

It is easy enough to overstate the case. Document can be used to check up document, source balanced against source, and error tracked down. But that is just the process which calls for brilliancy—intuition, imagination, the dramatic instinct—in the historian. To suspect your document, to feel that it ought to say something else than it does, to cast it aside sometimes on the principle that men in ancient Rome were a good deal like what they are now, and consequently used official phrases that stood for very little—these are the qualities which Dryasdust seldom reveals. He will write you the life of the late Emperor Kwang-Su on the basis of the official biography in 300 volumes, now being prepared by Chinese historians. But if Dryasdust should overlook the fact that Chinese chroniclers make an Emperor's life what it should have been and not what it was, what a mess Dryasdust would make of it!

Danger there is, undoubtedly, in the other method. If you believe the newspapers, Signor Ferrero is doing more to destroy the ancient world than Goths, Vandals, and fanatic monks from the Thebaid ever did. Quintus Horatius Flaccus did not really like to speculate on pleasure, and fortune, and death; was not really fond of Mæcenas; did not really thrill at the sight of snow-capped Soracte; he only wrote advertisements for the Falernian and Cæcuban Wine Growers' Association. Mark Antony did not marry Cleopatra because she was a lady of serpent-like wiles and infinite variety, but because he needed her money to conquer the Persians. Shall we find next that Medea did not murder her children out of insane re-

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sentment at Jason, but because they interfered with her club meetings? Was Leander really training for the annual swimming Marathon of the Hellespont Athletic Club? Did the elder Brutus sentence his son to death in order to collect the life insurance? We suspect, however, that in all this there is more of the gifted young newspaper reporter than of Ferrero.

AFTER THE HIGHER CRITICISM—WHAT?

A few days ago a professor in the University of Chicago was reported as saying that Christianity is not of divine or miraculous origin:

> It is not a religion from a god, but an achievement of man, who created his own gods, in ancient times, in order that he might have them to help him in his defencelessness and ignorance; to aid him in conquering his foes, and to dispel the darkness of his future and the fear of death. More and more people are giving up the idea that their religion is something handed down to them from a divine source. . . . Consequently, religion is on *a more rational basis, as people are cultivating it just as they cultivate music, language, science, and morality.*

To verify this quotation is hardly necessary; for if this particular man did not say this particular thing, the words fairly represent the attitude of many of our higher critics. Their comments recall the satire of Kipling's "story of Evarra—man—Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea." It is all very well to protest, as the higher critics do, that the Bible still remains one of the noblest monuments of literature. In the past people have not cared whether this book was literature or not; the vital point was that it was the inerrant word of God and the infallible rule of life. If it be robbed of this authority, what, we may ask, is science offering as a substitute? What is to come after higher criticism has done its work?

We put the question in no spirit of hostility. Far from it. We would have the truth at any cost. We are not among those who would cling to a superstition because it happens to be comfortable or because it helps to keep order among the masses of the rude and ignorant. We would not dwell in a fool's paradise. If the Church rests its claims on certain traditions and documents, we would have those traditions and documents submitted to the most searching tests; for nothing can be gained in the long run by building either a house or a church on a foundation of sand. If we have been deceived as to the origin of the Bible and the sacraments, if the Ten Commandments were not handed down from Sinai, let us face the disagreeable facts. But let us also face the facts that if the moral law is not God-given, if the fear of hell and the hope of heaven are illusions, the average man will not look upon life and its duties quite as he did a few decades ago. Clergymen sometimes attempt to conceal the change from themselves and their followers by sticking desperately to the old phrases—though in a new sense—and by sweeping generalizations about the unvarying validity of the essential sanctions of morality. But educated people perceive the hollowness of such formulas. Accepting the methods, if not in every case the detailed results, of scientific criticism, they turn to our professed spiritual guides for some reconstruction of creed that shall touch the emotions as did the old which is now destroyed; or, as Wilfrid Ward has put it, for something that shall keep "a truly spiritual ideal of life . . . untainted by the maxims of an unbelieving generation," and shall help "the affections and the imagination against an importunately visible world."

There are, we grant, men of stoic temper with whom such considerations weigh little. They will pursue their way steadfast and unterrified though the earth rock beneath their feet. Few of us, however, are made of such stern stuff. For the rank and file of humanity it is not exhilarating to reflect that the night is behind and before us; that our tiny globe is but one of a million spinning through the unfathomable gulfs of the universe; that we ourselves are but microscopic specks crawling for a little while in the dim and fleeting light; and that our consolation and our bulwark have been a few silly fables of our own feeble invention. In a recent book which treats the lives of two devout women, "Memorials of Two Sisters, Susanna and Catherine Winkworth," is a striking passage which in reality applies not to one sex only, but to all mankind:

> Women feel the frets and the anxieties of life so keenly, that they need this refuge in the larger, serener life of heavenly love. . . . Their life seems often at once so engrossing and so trivial that they need some points above it, from which they may see how it all forms part of the infinite web of human life through which God's kingdom is to be realized on earth, to give it any freshness and value.

This recourse to "the larger, serener life of heavenly love" is impossible for persons who are convinced that this "love," in any comprehensible sense of the term, is a fiction, and that their gods and their religion are of purely human manufacture. A cold, relentless, impersonal power, even though it make for righteousness, is not the same thing as a father that pitieth his children. For the jubilant lines,

> Jesus lives! no longer now
> Can thy terrors, death, appal us;
> Jesus lives! by this we know
> Thou, O grave, can'st not enthral us,
> Alleluia!

we have the lament:

> Now he is dead! Far hence he lies
> In the lorn Syrian town;
> And on his grave, with shining eyes,
> The Syrian stars look down.

What, then, does science say to those who long to feel that the eternal God is their refuge and that underneath them are the everlasting arms?

The difficulty is staggering, but the duty of the leaders of Christianity is none the less imperative. They cannot much longer postpone the task of addressing themselves to it with energy. For at present most of the churches seem to be drifting without chart, compass, or pilot. We hear on every side the complaint that men of character and capacity will not enter the ministry, but there was never a time when character and capacity were more needed for this great business of readjusting ancient beliefs to modern knowledge. No ecclesiastical organization can retain its vitality or can serve mankind unless it can lift them above their trials and fortify them against temptation; for what shall it profit us to turn from the doubts and hesitancies of our daily toil to the profounder doubts and more disquieting hesitancies of a stumbling, groping church, uncertain whence it came and whither it goes? "Thou art the true peace of the heart," cried the author of the "Imitatio," "thou art its only rest; out of thee all things are full of trouble and unrest. In this peace that is in thee, the one chiefest eternal Good, I will lay me down and sleep." But for the higher critics and their confused disciples of to-day the promise of a peace which passeth all understanding is nothing

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more than an empty echo from the age of faith.

AN APOSTLE OF NEW SPAIN.

So much has been written of the awakening of Spain in the last decade, that many persons think of the Spanish nation as already well started on the high-road to religious freedom and prosperity. But as keen an observer as Havelock Ellis finds the typical Spaniard still buried in self-contented indifference, or, at best, but turning in the first restless movement before the dawn. With the exception of Catalonia, whose active, progressive people are abreast of the other nations of Europe in arts, manufactures, and political ideals, the only general evidence of a reaction against the past has thus far been literary—a suggestion of the France of Voltaire, Diderot, and Rousseau in the eighteenth century. Perez Galdós, the chief figure in Spanish letters at the present day, has long been an ardent champion of modern religious and political theories, and the most prominent contemporary dramatist, José Echegaray, has repeatedly made social problems his theme. For several years, however, Señor Galdós has been devoting his best energy to the theatre, leaving only Sra. Pardo Bazán and Palacio Valdés of the older generation still engaged in writing novels; and of these authors, Sra. Bazán is now busy for the most part with literary criticism, while Sr. Valdés seems to have declined from the power he revealed in his earlier works. With the best writers of the old school cultivating the stage as the medium through which to propagate their theories, there has come into prominence a new group of novelists, less competent as artists, to be sure, but inspired with a more virile craving for progress, a more violent spirit of protest against the torpor of Spain. This intense reaction against the Church, a priest-ridden royalty, and the general somnolence of the people, ignorant and indifferent, is the haunting characteristic of the apostle of this new movement, Vicente Blasco Ibáñez.

His life itself has been a fascinating story of adventure. Born of Aragonese parentage at Valencia in 1867—his father was the proprietor of a dry-goods shop—he was graduated in law at the local university. Even as a student he was conspicuous for his revolutionary ideas, and at the age of eighteen was sentenced to six months in prison as a result of a sonnet against the government. In 1890, forced to flee from Valencia to escape a second imprisonment, he took refuge in Paris, where, two years later, he received an amnesty. His turbulent spirit, however, soon involved him in new troubles, this time as the head of a popular demonstration against the measures employed by the government in the attempt to suppress the insurrection in Cuba, and once more he fled. On his return, three months later, he was arrested and condemned to two years in prison. With his release in 1894 begins his career as a novelist; up to that time his only literary efforts, aside from two negligible volumes of impressions of Paris and Italy, had been journalistic. The founder of a Republican paper in Valencia, *El Pueblo* (The People), at first its editor, reporter, and reviewer, he has succeeded in making it one of the most influential sheets in Spain. Through his publishing-house he has directed a library of several hundred volumes of translations of European literature, for the most part works on science and sociology, by such writers as Spencer, Tolstoy, Renan, and Nietzsche. It is not surprising that his political activity found recognition in his election as Republican Deputy from Valencia, and that he soon became the leader of his party in the Cortes. After eight years of service he has retired from "militant politics," to use his own phrase, and is now devoting himself wholly to literature. His one purpose has been and is to arouse his people, to stir them from their ignorance.

The scene of Sr. Ibáñez's early novels is laid in Valencia and the surrounding district. Between 1894 and 1902 he produced six novels and two volumes of short stories, which present a panorama of the life and customs of the region, portrayed with rare insight and intense sympathy. The main theme of all the work of this period is the conflict between the individual and a society deep-rooted in the cruel, selfish prejudices of the past. The best work of this group, "La Barraca" (The Farmhouse), is a picture of the life in the *huerta*—the market-garden district outside of Valencia—and the persecution of an honest farmer and his family by his neighbors, who harbor the tradition that the land of which he has become the tenant shall never be cultivated. Their persecution is successful: his house is burned over his head, and Batiste starts out once more into the world, ruined but undaunted. In marked contrast to these studies of modern perversity stands "Sónnica la Cortesana," a romance of the siege and fall of Saguntum, in which Hannibal appears as one of the characters. From the misery of to-day we are transported into the sumptuous gardens of the Greek courtesan; we live in an exuberant, sensuous atmosphere of youth and beauty; the air is vibrant with a sturdy patriotism.

With his election to the Cortes, Sr. Ibáñez left the novel of manners and in the next three years produced three works—"La Catedral," "El Intruso," and "La Bodega" (The Saloon)—which, had he belonged to the seventeenth century, would have appeared as pamphlets. The plots of the books serve merely as a framework in which to carry his propaganda. Through the long harangues of his anarchistic heroes, Gabriel Luna, Salvatierra, and the doctor, Don Luis, he attacks mercilessly the Church, the Jesuits, and the drunkenness of Spain. Behind these specific objects of his animadversion, lurks the real enemy; it is the people who are to blame; their ignorance and self-seeking are the sources of their subjection and suffering. This, indeed, is the fundamental teaching of all of his novels. A French critic has observed of Sr. Ibáñez's work: "Il est un personnage que le romancier n'a décrit nulle part et qui, invisible, domine l'œuvre: c'est La Fatalité." To make such a criticism is to misinterpret his whole philosophy of life. It is man who is the cause of the evils in this world—man with his pettiness, his self-centred narrowness. And it is just this conviction that human suffering is the result of human weakness, and not a divinely sent curse, that inspires the author to struggle forward toward the ideal of the future, to hope for a day when charity is unnecessary and men are brothers. Without doubt, he would prefer that this progress should be a gradual development through education, but he is convinced that Spain is too firmly fixed in her traditions to make such a growth. In "El Intruso," he says:

> In this country we must take a violent leap, must pass, without any bridge, from the beliefs of four centuries ago—still intact and powerful—to modern life.

And yet his anarchy is never of the bomb-throwing type; Gabriel Luna perishes in the attempt to save the treasures of the Cathedral of Toledo from robbery at the hands of the very men in whom he has inculcated his teachings. We may judge from Sr. Ibáñez's position as Republican deputy to the Cortes that his faith is built on a pacific regeneration, none the less radical for its freedom from the horrors of revolution.

His later works have shown a return to his earlier style. "La Horda" (The Rabble) is a picture of the sordid life of the refuse collectors in the suburbs of Madrid, a subject already treated by Pio Baroja in "La Busca." "La Maja Desnuda" (from Goya's well known picture), published in 1906, is easily his most artistic production, and fittingly, for it is at once an acute psychological study of the conflict between the artistic temperament and human love and a critique of Spanish art in which Goya's realism is extolled. The last of his novels "Sangre y Arena" (Blood and Sand) is a scathing criticism of the bull-fight, "that survivor of the *'auto-da-fe.*" Despite the vigor of its inspiration, it is distinctly inferior to his previous work.

Blasco Ibáñez is preëminently a preacher of reform. Social justice is

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his ideal. If we lend him a willing ear, it is in large measure due to his splendid manliness. "In his life and in his works," to quote from Mr. Ellis, "this son of indomitable Aragon has displayed all the typical Spanish virility, the free-ranging personal energy, the passion for independence which, of old, filled Saragossa with martyrs and heroes." However little sympathy we may have with his materialism, however Utopian his dreams may be, we cannot but admire and respect him as a man. As an artist he is less deserving of praise. His enthusiastic devotion to Zola and naturalism—a moribund *genre* which has found several tardy adherents in Spain, among them Sra. Bazán and Sr. Valdés—too often leads him into violation of the highest standards of art. He is carried away by his exuberant fancy. But he has an extraordinary insight into life and the human heart; his characters move like men and not like puppets, and his plots, when they are not meant to serve as backgrounds, move with climactic interest. In his style certain characteristics will be obvious even to one who is not a thorough master of the tongue. Leaving aside the question of his Gallicisms and bad grammar, with which he is charged by his Spanish critics, his wonderful force and visualizing power cannot fail to make an impression. His riotous imagery, his lack of grace and elegance, may be in part ascribed to hasty production. Now that he is free to give his best to his literary work, we may hope to find in his two next novels, to be published in January, a considerable advance in artistic merit.

In Spain his popularity and influence have been remarkable. No novelist, except Sr. Galdós, has been so widely criticised or so generally defended. In the rest of Europe he has been rapidly gaining a reading-public since the appearance of "La Barraca" in the *Revue de Paris* in 1901, under the title of "Terres Maudites." Reviews of his works have appeared in the leading Continental periodicals, and almost all of his novels have been translated into the other languages of Europe, with the single exception of English. The apathy of the English world toward his work may be due to a complacent sense of freedom and prosperity that makes us indifferent to the problems that confront the Continent. To the Spaniard, more than to any other people of Europe, these questions are at present vital. Since Spain is freed from the burden of her colonies, she may undertake her own upbuilding. It is not easy to foresee the consummation of this process of development and regeneration. At least, in Sr. Ibáñez Spain has a leader whose courage is strong, an apostle whose faith in the future is firm. Whether or not he lives to see the fulfilment of his hopes and ideals, he will have borne no small part in the formation of a new Spain.

R. H. Keniston.

Cambridge, Mass.

DONALD GRANT MITCHELL.

In one of his later prefaces, Mr. Mitchell complained that the public would persist in buying and reading his "Reveries" and "Dream Life" to the neglect of his better work. It is a good deal to lose a man who can complain of any sort of popularity; it is an act of piety to point out that his death means something more than the loss of the author of those old-fashioned pieces of sentiment. Just the other day, every one was saying that Professor Norton's disappearance was the end of the famous writing New Englanders. Now the death in quick succession of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Edmund Clarence Stedman, and Donald Grant Mitchell closes a group who were, whatever their birth and latest associations, distinctly of New York, the inheritors of Irving, and Willis, and Paulding, and others whose names are fainter echoes.

These men of our commercial city were of a different fibre from the New Englanders, not so great, their aim not so high. They were, in no contemptible sense of the word, amateurs. Mr. Stedman may have attained a grave dignity when he expressed the upright man of the world's ideas on national events; Mr. Aldrich had a refinement of artistic touch which greater artists often lack; but in their verse there is still something of the amateur, a consciousness that they were speaking to a community in which literature had no recognized place, and that they must not take their writing too seriously. And it is as an amateur of the finer sort that "Ik Marvel" also will be remembered.

Mr. Mitchell was born at Norwich, Conn., in 1822. After a youth at school and on a Connecticut farm, he travelled abroad, and then settled in New York to practise law. For a few months in 1853-4 he was United States Consul to Venice. On returning to this country he bought some land about three miles from New Haven, and there at Edgewood, as he christened the place, lived as farmer and landscape gardener and student, until his death on Tuesday of last week, at the age of eighty-six. He had begun early to write, and the product of his New York years was "Fresh Gleanings" (1847), "The Battle Summer" (1848), "The Lorgnette" (1850), "Reveries of a Bachelor" (1850), "Dream Life" (1852), and "Fudge Doings" (1855). Other stories and miscellaneous volumes he published later, but the best of his work and of his life is summed up for us in two books, "My Farm at Edgewood" (1863), which gives his personal experiences with the soil; and "Wet Days at Edgewood" (1865), in which he sits in his library and chats agreeably of a long line of agricultural writers and country poets from Hesiod to the latest scientific analyzer of soils. It was the life of a gentleman and a scholar, dignified by daily and practical contact with the land, enriched with the acquaintance of old books.

If his writing has not the power of great literature, it escapes also the professionalism or illiteracy that mars most of our back-to-the-country product. There is in it nothing of that parade of nature of the professional penman, who goes out to the fields with a fountain pen, instead of a spade, and, above all, none of that ignorance of letters which gives a cheap contemporaneity to the work of those who have their eye on the book market. When, in "My Farm at Edgewood," Mr. Mitchell is engaged in a practical discussion of planting and grafting pears, he still carries memories of his reading with him:

> Early bearing, and brilliant specimens favor the quince; but hardiness, long life, and full crops favor the pear from its own roots. If a man plant the latter, he must needs wait for the fruit. Mœris put it very prettily in the Eclogue:
>
> Insere, Daphni, pyros: carpent tua poma nepotes.

Or when, in his "Wet Days at Edgewood," he is engaged with the ancient agricultural treatises on his shelves, he still has in mind his own homely adventures with the earth:

> And yet I delight in finding black-letter evidence of the age of the traditions and of the purity with which they have been kept. An important member of the County Society pays me a morning visit, and in the course of a field-stroll lays down authoritatively the opinion that "there's no kind o' use in ploughing for turnips in the spring, unless you keep the weeds down all through the season." I yield implicit and modest assent; and on my next wet day find Ischomachus remarking to Socrates: "This also, I think, it must be easy for you to understand, that, if ground is to lie fallow to good purpose, it ought to be free from weeds, and warmed as much as possible by the sun." And yet my distinguished friend of the County Society is not a student of Xenophon. If I read out of the big book the same observation to my foreman (who is more piquant than garrulous), he says—"Xenophon, eh! well, well—there's sense in it."

Nor is our gentleman-farmer's memory confined to the classics—though Virgil is evidently most often in his mind. On a murky November day, he is called afield by the lines of the old vision—

> A May morwenynge
> On Malverne hilles;

and Piers Plowman lays open for him "the first farm-furrow upon English soil." Or, another day, the "Dreme" of Chaucer calls before his eyes the great plain of Woodstock, stretching away under his view, all green and white—

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"green y-powdered with daisy"; or Sir Hugh Platt tells him how Sir Thomas Carew astonished the Queen with the sight of a cherry-tree in full bearing, a month after the fruit had gone by in England; or, again in November, the pelting rain reminds him of a similar day spent years since in an English inn, when his only entertainment was a much-bethumbed copy of an old eighteenth-century book, "The Clergyman's Recreation, Showing the Pleasure and Profit of the Art of Gardening," by the Reverend John Laurence.

It is this happy blending of the practical present and the imaginative past that marks Mr. Mitchell's two books as the work of an amateur, if the amateur may be defined as the gentleman who cares as much for gracious tradition as for immediate efficiency. There are whole libraries printed these days on every aspect of country life—books instructive, sentimental, picturesque, humorous, or homiletic—but we cannot, at the moment, recall a single living American writer of bucolics who bears the stamp of sound education, to whom the "Georgics," or even the great English poems, are ever present suggestions. The tradition of the gentlemanly amateur seems to be lost with the passing of our genial "Ik Marvel," and some readers will cherish his memory for these rare traits.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

It has been pointed out in two or three sales catalogues that some copies of the first edition of Fielding's "Tom Jones," 6 vols., 1749, contain a page of errata not found in others, and that such copies have been called the first issue. The fact is that two distinct editions in six volumes, from two separate settings of type, appeared in 1749. They were set from the same fonts, but a comparison shows typographical variations on almost every page. Even A. W. Pollard, in his bibliographical note prefixed to the English Classics edition of "Tom Jones," 1904, has not realized that there were two six-volume editions. He says:

> The first edition, in six volumes, was followed the same year by a second in four, and in 1750, Millar published another edition, also in four volumes. In the second of these three editions over which he had control, the errors of the press, of which a list was prefixed to Volume I of the first, were duly corrected, but the text in other respects appears not to have been interfered with.

This statement is true of the second six-volume edition, which is without list of errata. With a single exception all the errors noted in the list prefixed to the first edition, were corrected in the text of the second. This exception is in Vol. IV, p. 193, line 11, "For *Crime* read *Shame*." In Vol. IV, p. 91, first edition, is a quotation from Othello, beginning "Who steals my Cash steals Trash," and in the errata is the entry "For *Cash* read *Gold*." The second six-volume edition reads "Who steals my Gold steals Trash." In later editions this was corrected to "Who steals my Purse steals Trash." In the first edition, the Latin motto on the title-page of Vol. I is followed by a period and a long dash. In the second edition, there is the dash only, no period. No differences can be detected in the title-pages of the other volumes. The following points will enable any one to determine the first or second edition. In Vol. I, the List of Contents ends on p. lxii, with errata on p. [lxiii], in the first edition; the contents extend over upon p. lxiii and there are no errata in the second edition. The catchword on p. 13 is "one" in the first edition, "be" in the second. In Vol. II, the catchword on p. 3 is "by" in the first edition, "tised" in the second. In Vol. III, the catchword on p. 1 is "Representations," in the first edition, "Repre-" in the second. In Vol. IV, the catchword on p. 1 is "Shake-" in the first edition, "the" in the second. In Vol. V, p. 54, line 4 ends "return" in the first edition, "Home" in the second. In Vol. VI, the catchword on p. 17 is "dle?" in the first edition, "Cradle" in the second. A thousand other differences might be enumerated. In the two copies of the first edition which we have examined and probably in all copies, several leaves are pasted on stubs. These leaves were reprinted, evidently to correct errors, but what these errors were may never be discovered. The leaves are a different setting of types from the corresponding leaves of the second edition. These leaves are:

Vol. I, pp. 17-20; p. 17 has signature mark † (a dagger).
Vol. II, pp. 7-10; p. 7 has signature mark ‡ (a double dagger); pp. 287, 288, with signature mark * (an asterisk).
Vol. III, pp. 147-152, with signature marks *2, *3, *4; pp. 233, 234; pp. 345, 346.
Vol. IV, pp. 1, 2.
Vol. V, pp. 279, 280.

In the *General Advertizer* for February 28, 1749, appeared the following notice:

> This day is published, in six vols., 12mo., The History of Tom Jones, A Foundling.—Mores hominum multorum vidit. By Henry Fielding, Esq.
> It being impossible to get sets bound fast enough to answer the demand for them, such Gentlemen and Ladies as please may have them served in Blue Paper and Boards, at the price of 16s. a set, of A. Millar, over against Catherine Street, in the Strand.

The copies issued "in Blue Paper and Boards" with uncut edges are now very scarce, one having sold at auction in 1902 for £96, while cut copies sell for £3 to £6.

The late Henry Stevens of Vermont (G. M.B. "Green Mountain Boy," he used to style himself on the title-pages of his books) took especial pride in his collections of De Bry, Hulsius, and Ptolemy. The set of De Bry's Voyages (perhaps the best in private hands) was acquired about 1890 by the late E. Dwight Church, who also, in 1896, purchased the Hulsius collection (probably the finest extant). Mr. Church was not interested in the Ptolemy collection, and in 1898 it was purchased from Henry N. Stevens (son of Henry Stevens) by Edward E. Ayer of Chicago. At the time an account of the collection was printed in an edition of twenty copies only. A second edition containing additional matter has just been published. Included is an account of important and inexplicable variations discovered in copies of the Ulm edition of 1482. The Stevens-Ayer set now includes sixty volumes, from the first printed edition, Vicenza, 1475, without maps, to the Amsterdam edition of 1730. The only editions known to Mr. Stevens which are lacking are: Bologna, 1462 (probably a misprint for 1482), and Cracow, 1512. The prefatory matter is of interest, but if full collations could have been added to the list of editions the volume would have been more useful. Notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Eames's bibliography of Ptolemy in "Sabin's Dictionary" is admirable and ideal (as is all his work), surely something could have been added by Mr. Stevens, and not every one is the owner of a set of Sabin.

Correspondence.

KNOWLEDGE OF MILTON IN EARLY NEW ENGLAND.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As a contribution to the subject broached by Mr. Charles Francis Adams in your issue of December 17, I beg to submit the following:

1722, Jan. 1, *New-England Courant*, p. 2: "'T is said a Noble Duke is about to erect a Monument in Westminster Abby, to the Memory of Milton, the Poet."

1722, July 2, *New-England Courant*, p. 1: "See how the lofty *Milton* sings of this in his own inimitable Strain." Then follow fifteen lines from "Paradise Lost," i, 34-48.

1722, July 2, *New-England Courant*, p. 2:

> We shall therefore only add that we are furnish'd with a large and valuable Collection of BOOKS; which may be of vast Advantage to us. . . . We shall at this time favour you with a small part of our Catalogue, *viz.* . . . Milton.

1723, Dec. 9, *New-England Courant*, p. 1: A writer quotes five lines from "Paradise Lost," viii, 54-58.

1723, "Catalogus Librorum Bibliothecæ Collegij Harvardini," pp. 52, 100: "*Miltoni* (Joan.) Defensio pro populo Anglicano cont. Salmasium. *Lond.* 1651. . . . *Milton's* (Joh.) Poetical Works Vol. 1. Vol. 2. *Lond.* 1720." .. ..

1727, Aug. 14, *New-England Weekly Journal*, p. 1: A writer quotes four lines from "Paradise Lost," x, 1073-1076, and remarks, "The Clouds hung round, as *Milton* expresses it, like a dark Ceiling over the Land."

1727, Aug. 21, *New-England Weekly Journal*, pp. 1, 2: "Verses Written in Milton's Paradise Lost,"; signed "L." This poem in blank verse was by the Rev. Mather Byles and was reprinted in his "Poems on Several Occasions," 1744, pp. 25-34.

1727, Oct. 9, *New-England Weekly Journal*, p. 1: A long poem signed "T.," addressed "To a Gentleman on the Sight of some of his Poems," speaks of "*Milton's* force and *Dryden's* smoothness" and contains also these lines:

> And now, my Muse, attempt one labour more,
> Let *Milton's* fame resound from shore to shore:
> *Milton* who in his works immortal lives,
> And in the deathless praise your Poem gives.

1744, February, *American Magazine* (Boston), i, 260: "An Epistle from Cambridge" contains the line, "Nor tow'ring *Milton's* lofty flights." Whether the Cambridge referred to was the one in England or the one in New England, is uncertain.

1744, April, *American Magazine*, i, 341: "The Art of Preaching, in Imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry" contains the line "Prink *Milton's* true Sublime, with *Swift's*

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true Wit." Probably taken from an English source.

1745, June, *American Magazine*, ii, 239-244: "An Account of the Life of Mr. John Milton." Presumably copied from an English source.

1766, April 7, Boston *Gazette*, p. 1: "Harvardinum Restauratum," written by a recent graduate of Harvard, contains the line, "Or British Milton much surpassing both!"

1766, May 23, Rev. Jonathan Mayhew, "The Snare Broken," p. 35:

Having been initiated, in youth, in the doctrines of civil liberty, as they were taught by such men as Plato, Demosthenes, Cicero, and other renowned persons among the ancients; and such as Sidney and Milton, Locke and Hoadley, among the moderns; I liked them; they seemed rational.

1767, Dec. 10, Massachusetts Historical Collections, Fourth Series, IV, 412, 413: The Rev. Andrew Eliot makes some interesting remarks on Milton's prose works.

1773, "Catalogus Librorum in Bibliotheca Cantabrigiensi Selectus," p. 18: "Milton (John) all his Works."

When Phillis Wheatley was in London in July, 1773, she was presented by Brook Watson with a copy of the 1770 Glasgow folio edition of "Paradise Lost," which is now in the Harvard College Library.

Late in life, James Otis (Tudor's "Life," p. 17), declared to a young man:

If you want real poetry, read Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, and Pope, and throw all the rest in the fire; these are all that are worth reading.

The above notes refer to Massachusetts only. On November 20, 1728, Franklin, who had left Boston only a few years before, drew up his "Articles of Belief and Acts of Religion," and there demanded the singing of Milton's "Hymn to the Creator." There are other interesting allusions to Milton in Franklin's writings. The "Catalogue of the most valuable Books in the Library of Yale College," 1755, listed "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained." (I have not seen the catalogue printed in 1743.). The late M. C. Tyler noted allusions to Milton by William Livingston in 1747 at Princeton, and by John Trumbull in 1770 at Yale. Early blank verse in America is a sure indication of the influence of Milton. Mather Byles's poem noted above may be an early instance, but certainly is not the earliest, for in 1713 Richard Steere published "The Daniel Catcher. The Life of the Prophet Daniel: in a Poem. To which is Added, Earth's Felicites, Heaven's Allowances, A Blank Poem. With Several Other Poems." This volume, perhaps printed in New York, was advertised for sale in the Boston *News-Letter* of August 24, 1713, p. 2. Steere was born in England in 1643, came to Boston in 1684, immediately published there two poems in rhyme, soon went to New London, and later to Southold, Long Island. The "Blank Poem" fills pp. 55-73 of the volume.

These notes prove that Milton was known in Boston in 1722 and that at least some of his works were then here, and indirectly show his influence in 1713. The late Mellen Chamberlain said in 1887 that "before 1700, there was not in Massachusetts, so far as is known, a copy of Shakespeare's or of Milton's poems"; and in his article on "Early Private Libraries in New England," read before the American Antiquarian Society in April, 1907, Dr. F. B. Dexter was unable to refute the statement. Nevertheless, when it is remembered that in 1643, Roger Williams may have met Milton; that in 1653, they did meet and read Dutch and other languages to one another; that when George Downing, a graduate of Harvard, went to Holland as Minister in 1657, he bore a letter of credence written by Milton; that Milton was on terms of more or less intimacy with Sir Henry Vane, Hugh Peters, the regicides Dixwell, Goffe, and Whalley, and others who had lived in New England—is it rash to conclude that the above references are belated and that Milton was known to New Englanders both as a political writer and as a poet before 1722?

It may be added that, as shown by the many inventories of Virginia libraries printed in the *William and Mary College Quarterly*, there was apparently no copy of "Paradise Lost" in Virginia until 1755 (VIII, 77), though "Shakespears Works" were in another library in 1718 (II, 250).

ALBERT MATTHEWS.

Boston, December 18.

A PARALLEL FROM LYLY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: John Lyly, the Euphuist, was not only a writer of good lyrics himself, but the cause of lyrics in other men. It has often been remarked that the fairy song in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" owes something to the fairy song in Lyly's "Endimion," and the lark song in "Cymbeline" much to the song of Tryco in "Alexander and Campaspe.' In reading "Love's Metamorphosis" the other day I came across a bit of dialogue that seems to contain the germ of a famous modern lyric, F. W. Bourdillon's "The Night has a Thousand Eyes." I quote the dialogue (Act iii, scene 1) and the song:

Silvanus. The whole heaven hath but one sun.
Niobe. But stars infinite.

. . . . . .

Silvanus. A woman hath but one heart.
Niobe. But a thousand thoughts.

The night has a thousand eyes,
The day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.
The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of the whole life dies
When love is done.

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

Colorado Springs, December 12.

ANCESTRY OF CHARLES THE GREAT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his book on Paris Mr. Hilaire Belloc states that whatever admixture of blood might have come through his mother, Charles the Great was of "pure Latin stock" on his father's side. What grounds are there for this amazing assertion?

A. R. W.

New Bedford, Mass., December 17.

BACON VS. GOETHE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his "Adolescence" (Vol. II, p. 85), G. Stanley Hall ascribes to Bacon the sentiment, "Character is perfected in solitude and talent in society." President Hall does not, at this time, recall where the adage may be found; can some one else therefore locate it for me? I am especially interested in the line, since in the well-known passage in Goethe's "Tasso" (Act i, Scene 2), practically the opposite view is voiced: "Talent is nurtured in solitude; character is formed in the stormy billows of the world." Agreeing with Goethe, Lowell, too, in his "Among my Books," says: "Society is wholesome for the character."

C. H. IBERSHOFF.

Ithaca, N. Y., December 18.

A PICTURE OF HOMER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your editorial article "Science Correcting Science" in the *Nation* of December 10 (p. 567) you refer to a recent contribution of André Beaunier to *La Revue de Paris*, and speak of his recollection of a picture of Homer as showing "an old man in a long robe, carrying a lyre on his back, his right arm raised to heaven, his left on the shoulder of a boy who was his guide." I have a fine old engraving of what I presume to be the same picture, with the legend:

F. Girard Pinxt. Raph. Urb. Massard. Sculp. 1816.
Dédié à Monsieur le Chevalier
Ennius Quirinus Visconti
Membre de l'Institut de France
Par son Dévoué Serviteur
Raphaël Urbain Massard.

In this the *left* arm is raised to heaven and the right is leaning on the shoulder of a boy. Which is right, and who reversed the position, and when?

AMASA M. EATON.

Providence, R. I., December 13.

[We have verified the reference to *La Revue de Paris*. The picture which M. Beaunier saw may have been a different one, or M. Baunier's memory may have played him false.—ED. NATION.]

THE TARIFF ON SCIENTIFIC BOOKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of the effort of the American Free Art League to bring about, in connection with the proposed revision of the tariff, the removal of the duty on works of art, it seems appropriate and timely for the scholars of the country to petition also for the removal of duty on scientific works in English, published abroad. During the Christmas week, or shortly thereafter, a considerable number of the learned societies of this country—such as the American Historical Association, the American Economic Association, the American Institute of Archæology, the Society of Biblical Literature, the American Philological Association, the American Philosophical Association, the Modern Language Association, and the American Psychological Association, and the various associations for the natural sciences—will hold their annual sessions. The sentiment among scholars is, it is safe to say, unanimous that to impose a duty on scientific publications in *any* language is not only an unjust tax on scholars without any particular benefit to either the author or the publisher, but is a reflection on the attitude of our government towards scholarship itself. If all the bodies meeting at this season will pass a simple resolution expressive of their opinion on the subject and forward the same to the chairman of the Ways and Means

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Committee in Washington, it will undoubtedly have some effect. All that is necessary is for some member of each association to make it his business to introduce a resolution such as is here suggested. As far as I can ascertain, the United States is the only civilized country which imposes a tax on scientific research, and some expression of opinion from our scholars is all the more desirable, because it is not unlikely that an effort will be made to reimpose a duty on books printed in foreign languages. There are mutterings in the air, and it is well to be prepared for a retrograde movement.

I have purposely referred only to scientific books published in the English language, because they are the only ones with which scholars, as such, are concerned, and while I, personally, believe that the duty on English fiction is also an injustice, there is no need for scientific bodies to raise this question.

MORRIS JASTROW, JR.

Philadelphia, December 19.

THE LATE WILLIAM MARTIN AIKEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been hoping day by day, since the sudden and unexpected death of William Martin Aiken (see the *Nation* of December 10, p. 587), to see from the pen of some one better qualified than myself some fitting notice of his two years of service as Supervising Architect to the Treasury Department, from 1895 to 1897. It was a brief service, so modestly and quietly rendered that the world at large took too little cognizance of its really strenuous quality and its lasting value. But those who knew the Supervising Architect's office and its work before Mr. Aiken became its head, know that in his unassuming, straightforward way he effected a fundamental reform which more than one predecessor had longed for but had failed to bring about, and which in large measure made it possible for his successor, the present distinguished incumbent, to attain the notable results which have distinguished his administration.

The Supervising Architect of the Treasury is charged with the designing and erection of all the post offices and Federal court-houses, as well as the mints, sub-treasuries, assay offices, and custom houses of the Treasury Department. He directs the largest architectural office in the world, and the volume of work it handles is enormous. When Mr. Aiken entered upon his duties it was the butt of professional satire by reason of its low standards of artistic taste and efficiency. Political pressure and favor interfered at every point with the honest and effective discharge of its complex and onerous duties, both within the office itself and in all its widely scattered outside work. Mr. Aiken took hold of his task with an apparently naïve, but really purposeful, assumption that honesty and straightforward business efficiency were, as a matter of course, the ruling principles to be observed and that Secretary Carlisle had called him to Washington to serve his country rather than his party. Draughtsmen and employees were expected and were compelled to earn their salaries. Contracts were honestly awarded and rigidly enforced, and every reasonable economy was practised. The selection of marbles and granites, limestones, and cements was not determined by the demands of quarry-owning Senators and Representatives, or the pressure of local "interests," but by considerations of quality and cost, as for any business corporation or private owner. To give the country the best buildings within his power, both as to design and construction, was his one undeviating aim.

Mr. Aiken was not a *great* designer, but his work displays refined taste and good judgment. He was a capable administrator, and the buildings he designed and built were creditable to the government and to him. But finer than they was the monument he erected in the reorganization of his office and its deliverance from the slough of inefficiency and political manipulation. When, after the election of McKinley, he resigned his office into the hands of his able successor, he delivered to him a piece of machinery not yet perfect; but reasonably efficient and wonderfully changed from its condition of two years previous; and I am sure no one better appreciates than Mr. Taylor the service he rendered the country in this work of reform. Such service represents one of the highest forms of patriotism. Nothing but a single-hearted devotion to his country's interests, and to the highest standards of his profession under the approval of a clear conscience, could have sustained him in the struggle against intrenched and traditional abuses and the pressure of political influence in both high and low places. There was no gallery to play to for its applause, and Mr. Aiken's modesty would have shrunk from the pursuit of such applause. Quietly, cleanly, efficiently, he did his duty as he saw it, fought his fight, and left the field an unheralded victor.

With equal fidelity, though with far less opportunity for large achievement, Mr. Aiken served this city in 1902-04, under Mayor Low, as consulting architect to the borough president; and through all the remainder of his life, while engaged in private practice, he gave unstintedly of his time and strength to the service of the civic and professional organizations to which he belonged, and through them to the community. Not only the profession he loved, but the country at large, is his debtor for such varied and faithful service.

A. D. F. HAMLIN.

Columbia University, December 11.

Notes.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's first American novel, "Marriage à la Mode," opens in the January number of *McClure's*. What will that eminent psychologist of society do without her dukes and duchesses and her leaders of Parliament?

W. H. Lowdermilk & Co. of Washington will publish, early in March, "Deck and Field," by Frank Warren Hackett, a collection of papers upon navy and army topics, opening with the two annual addresses delivered before the Naval War College by Mr. Hackett, while Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

Houghton Mifflin Company has brought out in the special Riverside Series a beautiful edition of Shelley's translation of "The Banquet of Plato." The press work is all that could be desired, but it would have been well to add a note giving a brief account of the circumstances under which the translation was made. Shelley's English is excellent, but does not convey the flowing character of the Greek as well as Jowett's. We observe that nothing has been done by punctuation or suggested emendation to straighten out the tangled sentence in the speech of Alcibiades, beginning "For Marsyas, and whoever" (p. 133 of this edition). The text follows Moxon's early edition; but surely Shelley never wrote the words as they stand.

A cheap and neat reprint of Jowett's translation of "The Republic of Plato" comes to us in two handy volumes from the Clarendon Press. The introduction, analysis, and text are unchanged from the standard third edition. It is, if ever book were, infinite riches in little room.

Volumes V and VI complete the Eversley edition of Tennyson which the Macmillan Company has been publishing. The contents, being chiefly the plays, give less opportunity than the earlier issues for interesting personal matter in the notes contributed by the poet and his son. A facsimile of the manuscript of "Crossing the Bar" forms a fitting close to the last volume. At a later date, we shall make this definitive edition of Tennyson the occasion for comments on his place as the representative Victorian poet.

In "Historical and Political Essays," by William Edward Hartpole Lecky (Longmans, Green & Co.), are collected several magazine articles and biographical sketches, nearly all of which had seen the light in the author's life. The fragmentary paper on "Formative Influences," which begins temptingly, breaks off abruptly with Lecky's giving up of his Cork living. The historian's grave and measured style marks all the volume.

Charles Scribner's Sons have a new edition, in one volume, of H. Noel Williams's "Madame de Pompadour" (See the *Nation* of November 20, 1902, p. 408). It is an interesting book, in which there is an attempt if not exactly to whitewash that much-abused lady, at least to present her faults and crimes in the most favorable light possible.

A book that went through twenty-two editions in the author's lifetime, the last being dated 1872, is something of a classic. Such was the fortune of Dean Ramsay's "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," which A. C. McClurg now brings forward in an excellent reprint, with sixteen illustrations in color from water-color drawings by H. W. Kerr. The pictures, inset on dark cardboard, go well with the Dean's anecdotes and clever character sketches.

Good editions of Richard Jefferies's "The Open Air," with illustrations in color by Ruth Dollman, and of "The Life of the Fields," with illustrations by Maud U. Clarke, come from J. B. Lippincott. The pictures are agreeable, but for those who care for the brave style of Jefferies it will be more important to know that the page is well printed and the binding plain and suitable.

A singularly diversified and breezy career is described in the "Life of Bishop

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McCabe" (F. H. Revell Co.), by Bishop F. M. Bristol. The most interesting part relates to his civil war experiences as chaplain of the One Hundred and Twenty-second Ohio Regiment and delegate of the Christian Commission. Captured at Winchester, he was confined for three months in Libby Prison, the "bright side of life in it" being the subject of a famous lecture of his which is given in full. Gifted with a magnificent voice, he sang with great effect the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" on one occasion in the National House of Representatives, President Lincoln was present and asked for its repetition. Later he was secretary of the Church Extension Society and bishop of the Methodist Church. An idea of his activity in this office may be gained from the fact that during a single year he labored in 100 towns and cities in 27 different States. He died in 1906 aged seventy. The biography is full of anecdotes and interesting incidents. The illustrations are chiefly portraits.

As a companion to his "Devonshire Characters," the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, most prolific of antiquarians, has published a book of "Cornish Characters and Strange Events" (John Lane Co.). In a series of short chapters a long line of worthies and eccentrics pass before us. Some of these were closely connected with Cornwall all their lives, like the John Carter who was called King of Prussia, and for many years ruled the smugglers of Prussia Cove; others left their land for court and city, like Sir Thomas Killigrew, the King's Jester whom Pepys saw on the vessel bringing back Charles II, "a merry droll, but a gentleman of great esteem with the King," and, he might have added, a lewd and lame poet. Some of the characters, such as Hugh Peters, the regicide, Mr. Baring-Gould treats at considerable length; others, such as John Coke, are summed up in two or three paragraphs. As a whole, it cannot be said that the book gives the reader a strong impression of the imaginative character of the people and the land. Far more of that is to be obtained from some of Mr. Baring-Gould's other books, notably his biography of R. S. Hawker, or, better yet, from C. E. Byles's life of that same eccentric, superstitious vicar of Morwenstow.

In the preface to his "Ancient Tales and Folklore of Japan" (The Macmillan Co.) R. G. Smith states that the stories are transcribed from voluminous illustrated diaries which he has kept for some twenty years of travel and sport in many lands. More particularly he has drawn from the record of the last nine years, during which he has been in Japan collecting subjects of natural history for the British Museum. His pursuits have brought him into contact with all sorts of people—the fisher, the farmer, the priest, the doctor—and from these he has gathered and set down a wealth of folklore and legend. The substance of the stories is like that which Lafcadio Hearn drew from old books. Mr. Smith writes them down in a straightforward manner, without, indeed, any of the ghostly art which makes the work of Hearn so unique, but with sufficient honest skill to keep the curiosity awake through a good many pages. It is a book to read at intervals, and not straight through. The illustrations, reproduced in color, were worked up by Mr. Mo-No-Yuki from Mr. Smith's sketches, and present at times a curious mixture of Eastern and Western taste. They vary greatly also in execution, and as a body are more interesting than correct. Altogether, the book can be recommended as one of the most attractive recent works of which Japan has been the theme.

The schism in the Babist ranks on the question of headship has been described by Gobineau in "Les Religions, etc.," and particularly by E. G. Browne, in his books on the Babist movement. The founder of the movement, Ali Mohammed, announced himself as being merely the door (*bab*) to the divine mysteries, the forerunner of him whom God should manifest. On the death of the Bab in 1850, Subh-i-Ezel, the highest in rank of his followers, was recognized as chief of the sect; but in 1866 another follower, Baha-ad-din, professing to show the "signs" indicated by the Bab, asserted his right to the position, and to him the suffrages of the majority of the Babist body were given. He finally found a home in Acco (Acre) in Palestine, where he died in 1892, leaving to his son, Abdu'l-Baha, the task of carrying on his work. Subh-i-Ezel's teaching has been described by Browne, and, now, under the title "Some Answered Questions" (J. B. Lippincott), Laura Clifford Barney reports the substance of interviews held by her with Abdu'l-Baha in Acco in 1904-1906. As he spoke in Persian, and she understood the language at first not at all and later only a little, it is not certain that she has reported him with perfect exactness in all points, but she has doubtless given the gist of his statements. The Persian text of the answers is to appear shortly. Subh-i-Ezel is reported to have confined himself strictly to the teachings of the Bab; Baha-ad-din, as interpreted by his son, aimed more definitely at the establishment of a universal religion—he transformed Babism into Bahaism. While loyal to the Bab, he presents himself as the final Manifestation of God, and the infallible revealer of truth. His utterances, as given in the present volume, exhibit a mixture of ethical purity, religious breadth, and child-like credulity. All the personages, events, customs, and doctrines of Judaism, Christianity, and Islam he accepts and interprets from a spiritual point of view. Abraham, Moses, Christ, Mohammed, and the Bab he recognizes as his inspired forerunners, each adding his quota to the mass of truth, each great in proportion as he manifests the perfections of God. Every doctrine is good so far as it embodies a spiritual conception; thus, in the Christian doctrine of the Trinity, Christ is the mirror of divine Reality, and the Holy Spirit is the Bounty of God, which becomes visible in the Reality of Christ. There is one religion in the world—all strifes, religious and political, are to cease with the triumph of Bahaism. A great variety of subjects is discussed in the volume: Darwinism, immortality, fate and free-will, the existence of evil, reincarnation, pantheism, and others, all treated shrewdly, though sometimes crudely. On the other hand, proofs of the divine mission of Baha-ad-din and other prophets are drawn by elaborate arithmetical calculations from the numbers given in the books of Daniel and the New Testament Apocalypse. Apart from scientific crudeness and the assumption of infallibility, Bahaism, as exhibited in this volume, is ethically broad and noble, and cannot fail to be a valuable factor in the life of those persons (numerous in Asia, Europe, and America) who accept it.

A contribution of prime importance to our scanty knowledge of English colonial administration in the seventeenth century is made by Prof. Charles M. Andrews in his "British Committees, Commissions, and Councils of Trade and Plantations, 1622-1675" (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press). From a first-hand study of material in the British archives, Professor Andrews is able to trace with some detail the history of the various bodies upon which was devolved, from time to time, the supervision of plantation trade, and to point out the steady, though irregular, development of a colonial policy. So little attention has yet been paid to the legal and administrative sides of American colonial history that much of the material in this pamphlet will be practically new, but we have space only to note a few of the points at which Professor Andrews's research corrects hitherto accepted statements. For example, the evidence goes to show that the importance of the first separate commission for plantation affairs, that created by Charles I in 1634 under the headship of Laud, has been much overrated, and that the commission did not in fact accomplish much. On the other hand, the Commission, or Council, of Trade of 1650, with its "statesmanlike and comprehensive instructions" (p. 24), has been unaccountably neglected. Some idea of its activity may be gathered from the fact that by November, 1651, it had made no less than seven reports to the Council of State and the same number to Parliament, had ready for submission opinions on six subjects, and had under debate eight other questions (pp. 25, 26). Of Cromwell's interest in colonial affairs something has been written, but Professor Andrews, though recognizing his activity, concludes that "there is nothing to show that Cromwell himself ever rose to a statesmanlike conception of colonial control and administration" (p. 37), and that the management of colonial affairs during the interregnum was "without unity or simplicity" (p. 48). Chapter iii, dealing with the proposals of the London merchants, particularly Noell and Povey, on the eve of the Restoration, is especially informing for the light which it sheds on the commercial interests behind official plans, and on the influences which affected Clarendon's policy. With the fall of Clarendon, in 1667, came further changes in organization and widespread demoralization in trade, although a sincere desire to benefit the kingdom seems to have been a controlling motive under Charles II quite as often as politics or extravagance. Appendices give the texts of important instructions, and a useful "Heads of Business of Councils," 1670-1674.

"The American Executive and Executive Methods," by President John H. Finley and John F. Sanderson (The Century Company), completes the American State Series, edited by Prof. W. W. Willoughby of Johns Hopkins. The eight volumes, covering the entire organization of public authority in our system of government, form a useful set of text-books. The present work gives a comprehensive view of the legal powers of the chief executive in State and nation,

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with citation of important judicial decisions. The broad distinction is noted that exists between the State Governor and the President in actual power and influence, owing to the disintegration of executive power in the State, but the vast importance of the consequences does not receive due appreciation. In the sections relating to the national executive one could desire that there should be a fuller consideration of what might be called the prerogative powers of the office—those deriving not from positive law, but from the incumbent's own conception of duty in fulfilment of his paramount obligation to "preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States." At the outset the authors lay down a proposition which negatives the idea that there can be anything in the nature of prerogative: "The American executive power has been always a constitutional power, in the sense of a written power." But elsewhere activities of executive power are mentioned which cannot be traced to written power. For instance, it is remarked (p. 189):

> In the conduct of foreign affairs the executive power is guided, restrained, and explained by the law of nations, and in the conduct of military operations it is interpreted by the laws of war.

It is further averred (p. 266) that "the Constitution does not specify the powers which he may rightfully exercise in his character as commander-in-chief, nor are they defined by legislation." Not only does his authority extend beyond written power, but it is noted that it overflows written power expressly denied him. Thus Congress alone has written power to declare war, and yet "the President may establish the legal status of war, without such declaration, by using defensively those means and measures which, under the law of nations, are employed in lawful war" (p. 292). On the general subject of the distribution of authority, the work says (p. 49):

> The duty of the Legislature is to prescribe the rule of action for the State, that of the judiciary to interpret that rule or to expound that law, and that of the executive to see that the law is faithfully administered.

In view of the admissions noted in the foregoing, it is manifest that this statement of constitutional doctrine does not agree with existing facts and circumstances. The narrow, legalistic view taken in this work precludes just consideration of the development of the Presidency as an organ of political force, and of the transformations it has experienced in this respect. The message of President Polk, December 5, 1848, in which he declared the Presidency to be a representative institution—the only one representative of the nation as a whole—is a landmark of our constitutional development, the significance of which is yet to receive proper recognition.

"All this Herbert Spencer has clearly revealed," remarks Andrew Carnegie, in sketching a process by which there "came life from the ooze of the sea," culminating in the development of the human race and the spread of civilization. Basking in the light of Spencerian revelation, Mr. Carnegie is able to give us positive assurance that all is for the best in this best of all possible worlds:

> We of to-day have become more civilized, more peaceable; the arts of peace, not not those of war, our occupation. We have reached the industrial age with its problems.

These problems form the theme of Mr. Carnegie's "Problems of To-day" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), mainly devoted to a consideration of Socialism in its various phases. He contends that Individualism can beat Socialism at its own game, instancing old-age pensions, New Zealand land legislation, government ownership of railways, and municipalization of public utilities as triumphs of Individualism. American public policy is cited as an illustrious example: "In America there are no duties of moment, except such as bear upon the rich, who alone use imported articles." In this statement there should be some balm for the "standpatters" whom lately he wounded by declarations that the tariff would bear trimming. The final essay deals with "Railway Rebates," a subject on which Mr. Carnegie is qualified to speak with authority, without the aid of Spencerian revelation. But here, again, his fondness for gross optimistic assertion precludes anything like true discussion. In view of actual conditions the complacency seems astonishing that enables him to say:

> The ease and rapidity with which the commission was established, which has already abolished demoralizing rebates and is rapidly giving to corporate investments the security they possess in other lands by bringing them under supervision, is a great triumph for our governmental system.

Mr. Carnegie's habit of cutting discussion short by oracular utterance gives to his style a peculiar quality, that can only be described as pudgy.

Somewhat as Goethe and Schiller, in stimulating rivalry, entertained and inspired the little Duchy of Weimar and led on the rest of literary Germany, so Gerhart Hauptmann and Sudermann still contend for the mastery. A few weeks ago Sudermann surprised his admirers by a return to fiction; and now Hauptmann, whose last work, "Kaiser Karls Geisel," was a play, furnishes a still greater surprise in a compendious volume, beautifully printed, giving his impressions of springtime in Greece, "Griechischer Frühling" (imported by Lemcke & Buechner). The book is not of travel, in the conventional sense; it is a series of highly-polished paragraphs, as if torn from the leaves of a poet's diary. Hauptmann roams among gods and goddesses; though he cannot get away entirely from screaming, fighting hawkers and exorbitant guides, these but serve as natural background for a scene in the foreground of which still move the ancient deities. All along the sea-route to Greece Hauptmann finds endless stuff of poetry, recalling the "clever liar" of the Odyssey, and concluding that, when he is seasick, a god is but taking revenge upon him. Rainbows encircle sea and land; the roar of the ocean fills his soul. He goes into ecstasy over Corfu, wandering here and there until darkness prevents his visiting the monument to Heine. Everywhere the spring encompasses him: the sweet aroma of orange-thickets, pomegranates, and raspberries rises from the hillsides like incense. Fair skies become overcast and drizzle; Hauptmann's thoughts turn to a crowd of young Athenians, and he wonders if Alcibiades may not be among them. In sacred but joyful intercourse with both gods and those of old who worshipped them, Hauptmann wanders from corner to corner of classic Greece, lost in wonder at the ruins; he climbs the sides of theatres, descends into the caverns of temples, and tosses a wild-flower into the dark well; and at length, all too reluctantly, of course, bids adieu to Athens, "the light, the heart, the head, the breathing breast, the blossom of Greece."

Heine's complete works, with introduction and commentary, are published in four volumes by the Deutsche Verlagshaus Bong & Co., Stuttgart. Of the five editors engaged upon the task, Veit Valentin is an author who looks back upon forty years of activity as writer on various philological and literary subjects, and editor of numerous school classics.

The tragedy of Heinrich von Kleist's life has never ceased to engage the attention of students. One of the latest contributions to the subject is Hanna Hellmann's "Heinrich von Kleist: Das Problem seines Lebens und seiner Dichtung" (Heidelberg: Carl Winter).

Aus der Gedankenwelt grosser Geister is the collective title of a series of books edited by Lothar Brieger-Wasservogel (Stuttgart: Robert Lutz). Each volume contains selections from the writings of some great thinker. The twelfth volume was devoted to Rousseau, the thirteenth presents Pascal.

Theodor Wolff is the author of a book which, in the variety of subjects treated and in the sprightly tone in which it is written, suggests the atmosphere of the city to which it is dedicated. The "Pariser Tagebuch" (Munich: Albert Langen), a collection of papers originally written for the *Berliner Tageblatt*, gives vivid impressions of figures and phases of French art and letters and intimate glimpses of life in Paris.

Dr. Heinrich Meisner, author of a history of the invention of printing and other historical works, and editor of the writings of Ernst Moritz Arndt, of posthumous poems by Eichendorff, and letters by Wilhelm von Humboldt, has published separately, under the title "Ernst Moritz Arndt: Sein Leben und sein Schaffen," the biography of Arndt which originally appeared as introduction to the works. (Imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.)

The *Harvard Gazette* announces that by bequest of the late Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, the College Library has received an interesting early portrait of Chaucer, painted in oil on an oak panel. An inscription on the back of the panel, formerly legible, but now too faint to read, states:

> This picture was presented by Miss Frances Lambert to Benjamin Dyke on the 6th of September, 1803, to perpetuate the memory of her late invaluable relation, Thomas Stokes, Esq., of Llanshaw Court, in the County of Gloucester, where it was preserved for more than three centuries, as appears from the inventory of pictures in the possession of that ancient and respectable family.

Nothing more is known of the origin or early history of the portrait, but it shows a close resemblance to the only known authentic portrait of Chaucer, the miniature in Occleve's "De regimine principum" (Harleian MS. 4866), written in 1411-12, and to a later full-length portrait in another British Museum manuscript (Additional MS.

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5141). In recent years, it has been known as the Seddon portrait. It was bought, after Mr. Seddon's death, by Fairfax Murray, who later sold it to James Loeb. Mr. Loeb presented it to Professor Norton. Professor Norton bequeaths it to the library, with the request that it be inscribed as a memorial of two lovers of Chaucer, Francis James Child and James Russell Lowell.

The original manuscript of Cyrano de Bergerac's "Voyage à la lune" has been found in the Bibliothèque Royale of Munich According to this MS. the romance, which has heretofore been attributed to 1649-50, was written in 1641-3.

The Modern Language Association of America will hold its twenty-sixth annual meeting at Princeton, December 28-30. President Woodrow Wilson will give an address of welcome. The programme lists the following papers: "Chaucer's 'Legend of Meden,'" Robert K. Root, Princeton; 'An Unpublished Collection of Old French Fables," Murray P. Brush, Johns Hopkins; "Goethe's Homunculus: A Study in Faust Criticism," Karl D. Jessen, Bryn Mawr; "The Results of Mrs. Macdonald's Discoveries regarding Jean Jacques Rousseau," Albert Schinz, Bryn Mawr; "The Purport of Lyly's 'Endimion,'" Percy W. Long, Cambridge, Mass.; "Ælfric's Legend of St. Swithin," Gordon Hall Gerould, Princeton; "A Plea for the Study of Mediæval Latin," Frederick Morris Warren, Yale, president of the association; "The Poetry of Sully Prudhomme," E. P. Dargan, University of Virginia: "Milton and the Revival of the Sonnet," Raymond D. Havens, University of Rochester; "A Definition of 'Petrarchismo,'" John Milton Berdan, Yale; "'Chauvin' ('Chauvinisme'—'Calvin,' 'Cauvin'): Truth and Fiction in the Story of Its Origin," A. Marshall Elliott, Johns Hopkins; "Pössneck and 'Hermann und Dorothea'," Charles Julius Kullmer, Syracuse University; "French Poetry and English Readers," Brander Matthews, Columbia; "The Facts of Pierre Du Ryer's Life," H. Carrington Lancaster, Amherst; "The United States in European Literature," Camillo von Klenze; "The Beginnings of Byronism in Spain," Philip H. Churchman, Clarke College; "The Moor in Spanish Popular Poetry before 1600," William Wistar Comfort, Haverford; "'Amore e Monna Lagia e Guido ed Io': A New Interpretation of the Sonnet by Guido Cavalcanti," James E. Shaw, Johns Hopkins; "'Beowulf' and the 'Saga of Hrolf Kraki," William W. Lawrence, Columbia; "The First Book Printed in England and Its Source," Ernest F. Langley, Dartmouth; "The Influence of the Translation Technique of J. H. Voss on Goethe's Hexameter," Clarence W. Eastman, Amherst; "Fortune's Wheel in the 'Roman de la Rose'," Stanley L. Galpin, Amherst; "The Fabliau in English Literature," G. H. McKnight, Ohio State University; "Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King' as Epic and as Drama," Percy A. Hutchison, Harvard; "A Recently Discovered Fragment of an Old French Life of Julius Cæsar," Henry A. Todd, Columbia; "The Collaboration of Webster and Dekker," Frederick E. Pierce, West Haven, Conn.; "A Prospective Edition of the 'Chanson de Roland'," F. B. Luquiens, Yale. The following papers are to be read by title only: "Stress in 'The Wars of Alexander'," C. R. Baskervill, University of Texas; "On the Supposed Dramatic Character of the 'Ludi' in the Great Wardrobe Accounts of Edward III, 1345-1349," Arthur Beatty, University of Wisconsin; "Is a New Laokoön Needed?" Samuel P. Capen, Clark College; "Barthélemy du Chastel, Archdeacon of Avignon," John L. Gerig, Columbia; "The Influence of Salvator Rosa in English Literature of the Eighteenth Century," E. E. Hale, jr., Union College; "The Relation of Thought and Language," Theodore W. Hunt, Princeton; "The History of French Fable Manuscripts," George C. Keidel, Johns Hopkins; "The Fisher-King in the Grail Romances," William A. Nitze, University of California; "The Supernatural in American Literature," Arthur Hobson Quinn, University of Pennsylvania; "A Note on Marlowe's Dramatic Technique," Martin Sampson, Cornell; "Some Changes now Going on in English," C. Alphonso Smith, University of North Carolina; "English for Engineers," Wilbur Owen Sypherd, Delaware College. The American Dialect Society and the Concordance Society will meet at the same time and place.

The Prix Goncourt (5,000 fr.) has been awarded to Francis de Miomandre, subeditor of *L'Art et les artistes*, for the history of a "jeune littérateur marseillais." The Prix Vie-Heureuse for 1908 goes to M. Estaunié, author of "La Vie secrète."

Orlando Jay Smith died Sunday night at Dobb's Ferry, N. Y., at the age of sixty-six. During the civil war he served in the army, rising from private to major. He then went into the newspaper business, and in 1882 founded the American Press Association, of which he remained president until his death. He published several books: "A Short View of Great Questions" (1899), "The Coming Democracy" (1900), "Eternalism" (1902), and "Balance" (1904).

Cardinal Victor Lucien Sulpice Lecot, archbishop of Bordeaux, died at Chambéry, France, on Sunday. He was born at Montescourt January 8, 1831. He was appointed bishop of Dijon in 1886 and archbishop of Bordeaux in 1890, and was created cardinal January 16, 1893. He was one of the most prominent figures in the question of the separation of church and state in France, and led the party of conciliation, maintaining that resistance would entail a religious war, which would be the worst of evils, in view of the indifference of the greater number of Catholics. He strongly condemned, however, the separation law in a pastoral letter, and later issued an appeal to the faithful not to join "false Catholics and bad priests" in the formation of associations to take over church property. His published works are: "L'Abbé Nollet, inventeur de l'électricité dans les nuages," and "Foi picarde."

Frau Ilse Frapan-Akunian has died at Geneva, at the age of fifty-six. Her stories of life in Hamburg, where she was born, brought her considerable reputation. Her works include: "Hamburger Novellen," "Zwischen Elbe und Alster," "Enge Welt," "Zu Wasser und zu Lande," "Die Betrogenen," "Arbeit," and "Die Ritter der Moral."

PROBLEMS OF EDUCATION.

The American College: A Criticism. By Abraham Flexner. New York: The Century Co. $1 net.

America at College: As Seen by a Scots Graduate. By Robert K. Risk. Glasgow: John Smith & Son. 3s. 6d. net.

If the parents of American college youth were all to read the severe indictment of our colleges in Mr. Flexner's volume, and to accept it at its face value, the average college might not find students enough next year to justify it in keeping its doors open. This, however, would hardly be the impression intended; doubtless, the reader will get nearer Mr. Flexner's true meaning by crediting him with the common though often dangerous device of seeking emphasis through exaggeration. With due allowance on this score, the destructive side of this book contains much to which college authorities may well devote serious attention.

There is only too much concrete evidence to justify the complaint that college students are lacking in spontaneous and disinterested intellectual activity; that they "are, and for the most part emerge, flighty, superficial, and immature, lacking, as a class, concentration, seriousness, and thoroughness." It is well to remember, however, that, consciously or unconsciously, we pass this judgment, not in comparison with what the same young man would probably be without college associations and training at all, but with an ideal which we have in mind as the legitimate fruit of college opportunities. Flightiness, lack of spontaneous and disinterested intellectual activity, immaturity, and superficiality, are unfortunately still a large part of the mental inheritance of us all. Many of the world's really great men have carried a varied assortment of these qualities through life, and we have hardly reached the point where we can fairly expect the college to divest the average boy entirely of this burden. Still, that is just what education should aim at, and Mr. Flexner's over-coloring of the picture may well be excused if it shall rouse college authorities out of a lazy satisfaction with inadequate results.

It is doubtless possible to overestimate the significance of such statistics as are often circulated to prove the high average of success in after life on the part of college men as compared with others. Mr. Flexner demonstrates by his own handling of the subject that it is just as possible to underrate this evidence. The fact that college-educated men have been better able, on the average, than others to attain what they regard as reasonable success in various walks of life does, we hold, demonstrate a high value in this education, despite its unquestionable shortcomings. It is easy to say that the col-

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lege deserves no credit, since it receives the ablest and most energetic youth to work upon, but most college teachers would qualify that assertion. Is there any college which has not its large element of students who display a distressingly low level of mental ability? Does any college teacher fail to be troubled with a goodly number in whom energy is wofully lacking? How many colleges are without a noticeable contingent of wealthy idlers who see no necessity for energetic effort on their own part? We grant that our colleges show shameful slackness, and even cowardice, in not setting higher standards, and, even at the expense of tuition fees, getting rid of the idle and the vicious. Nevertheless, the college, as it has been and is, must still be credited with making a great many useful and successful citizens out of extremely raw and unpromising material.

We go hand-in-hand with Mr. Flexner first in admitting that necessity of extending the field of college study, which brought in the principle of election, and then in the opinion that the colleges have as yet failed to work out such a practical application of the principle as will secure to students in general all the advantages hoped for. Too many students fail to gravitate toward some department for which they possess natural aptitude and to throw themselves enthusiastically and hence successfully into that work; nor do they attach themselves to individual teachers whose personality is such as to take a powerful hold on their respect and affection and call out their most vigorous efforts. Again, too many students never rise to a fitting sense of responsibility and elect a fairly varied and broadening and yet inherently consistent course. For this defect of the elective system, Mr. Flexner assigns three reasons: First, that the preparatory routine demanded by the college suppresses just that power of wise choice, which the college assumes that it will develop; second, the chaotic condition of the college curriculum; and third, the fact that special research has appropriated so large a share of the college energies and facilities. To meet this last difficulty, he calls for "a vigorous reassertion of the priority of the college as such." The proper methods for research and the needs of the undergraduate do not coincide. "The necessary pre-condition to highly specialized research is thorough preliminary training in past achievement and a more than superficial knowledge of correlated branches." The freshman, of course, enters college without this equipment, and the "research work" into which he is forced during his undergraduate years is consequently a farce.

When Mr. Flexner comes to deal with the relation of the preparatory school to the college, however, there is more room for question. His demand, in brief, is that the college shall take its controlling hand off the secondary school. The range of choice among different preparatory subjects permitted of late years by some colleges, does not content him. Even in these cases, the requirements predetermine the methods of the secondary teacher. He would shove the elective principle back bodily into the secondary school, and admit no such examinations by college authorities, or control of any other kind, as would limit the judgment of the secondary teacher in matters concerning the content of the course, or the methods of instruction. Behind this radical demand lies his belief that the secondary teacher has the pupil just at that plastic period when his natural aptitudes may most easily be discovered and his energies enthusiastically engaged in the most effective channels. The secondary period, he thinks, is far more favorable than the college for the "free exploration" of the boy. After the preparatory school, thus left to its own insight, "has actually laid bare the individual, has started up vital and characteristic activities," the college will have something solid to build upon. The youth will enter with an adequate foundation for an intelligent choice of his status in life; and with this determined at the outset, "the college must then organize for him the intermediate steps to his chosen end." Of course, this carries with it the view that in the college "imminent vocational or professional necessities should largely determine both the content of the curriculum and the form of the instruction." The curriculum would thus naturally be organized into groups, the contents of each group being determined by the "status" towards which it aims. But this plan would easily lend itself to the promotion of very narrow views of the fundamental purpose of education. Too early a realization of the "imminent vocational or professional necessity" may readily defeat its own end, to say nothing of that broader view of education, which would use the college years for laying a mental and moral foundation, upon which any life status whatever might rest. The present college does not insure this, but we have hardly reached the point where it must be dropped as an impossible ideal.

"America at College" is a fairly entertaining but very superficial account of "some dozen representative universities and colleges in the United States." The author, a Scottish journalist, prepared the matter originally as a series of articles for the Glasgow *Herald;* and they have the excellences and defects of journalism. They are light and readable, but they treat chiefly of externals, and offer no specially profound or searching generalizations. Mr. Risk describes Harvard, Yale, Cornell, the University of Michigan, Hobart, the University of Chicago, Johns Hopkins, Bryn Mawr, Wellesley, Columbia, the College of the City of New York, and Princeton. He then adds chapters on "The Social Side," "Staff and Student," and "Some General Conclusions." His trip was evidently too hasty to allow a thorough examination of the work of any of these institutions, but he saw some of the evils of which Mr. Flexner complains. He questions the efficiency of the unrestricted elective system; he complains of the low standards of scholarship; he deplores the undue emphasis on intercollegiate athletics. The "organized applause" impressed him "not only as a novelty, but as something grotesque and infantile." Perhaps we can best characterize the book by quoting the closing sentences:

> The American universities fulfil one part of their work, the forming of character with notable success. When they are some centuries older, they will produce scholars as well as engineers, doctors, lawyers, agriculturalists, and administrators in politics and commerce. In the meantime, the universities are training the kind of man required by a nation whose material resources have only begun to be developed. It is a great country, America. In university matters, as in social and political affairs, it does not know where it is going; but it is determined to get there.

The Teacher. By George Herbert Palmer and Alice Freeman Palmer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

Personality in Education. By James P. Conover. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.25 net.

The supreme importance in education of the teacher is the central idea of Mr. Conover's book and of the opening essay of Mr. and Mrs. Palmer's. The latter, however, would have been better entitled "Essays on Educational Matters," for it is really a heterogeneous collection of writings, differing much in subject, timeliness, and intrinsic value. Of its three groups, the second, "Harvard Papers," consisting mainly of articles written in the '80s in defence of the elective system, seems oddly out of date—not because that system has been established past all need of defence, but because the criticisms now based upon experience of its twenty years of triumph must be met with other arguments and evidence than served to refute the fears and guesses of its original opponents. Tucked into this group, by the way, we find a sketch of the eccentric and picturesque Prof. E. A. Sophocles, a portrait altogether delightful in itself, but quite out of place in this series of arguments and expositions. The four short papers on women's education, by Mrs. Palmer, with which the book closes, are also lacking in any vivid present interest, although there is something pleasant in the friendly,

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hopeful, rather uncritical spirit in which they are written.

The really valuable essays in this book are those of the first group, especially "The Ideal Teacher," "Self-Cultivation in English," and "The Glory of the Imperfect." In these Mr. Palmer's rare mixture of practicality and idealism, his humor, his faith in human nature, and his love of life inspire scores of helpful and memorable passages. "The Ideal Teacher," in particular, should be published by itself and placed in the hands of every man and woman engaged in "the impartation of knowledge"—which, as Mr. Palmer usefully reminds us, is an entirely different matter from the acquisition of it. As he says:

> While no doubt it is well for a teacher to be a fair scholar—I have known several such—that is not the main thing. What constitutes a teacher is the passion to make scholars.

It is interesting, in view of the reaction so perceptible in the educational world against specialization and the elective system, to see how heartily and undoubtingly this veteran believes in both. Partly, this faith has been the result of experience—he was a slow convert, he tells us; partly, it seems to spring from his hopeful, democratic spirit. It is this spirit which enables him to write so sympathetically, albeit with a twinkle:

> Any man who loves knowledge and his native land must be glad at heart when he visits a summer assembly of Chautauqua; there listens to the Orator's Recognition Address; attends the swiftly successive Round Tables upon Milton, Temperance, Geology, the American Constitution, the Relations of Science and Religion, and the Doctrine of Rent; perhaps assists at the Cooking School, the Prayer Meeting, the Concert, and the Gymnastic Drill; or wanders under the trees among the piazzaed cottages and sees the Hall of Philosophy and the wooden Doric Temple shining on their little eminences; and, best of all, perceives in what throngs have gathered here the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker—a throng themselves, their wives and daughters a throng—all heated in body, but none the less aglow for learning and a good time. . . . To find a popular movement so composite and aspiring, we must go back to the mediæval Crusades or the Greek Mysteries. In these alone do we observe anything so ideal, so bizarre, so expressive of the combined intellectual and religious hopes of a people.

If Mr. Palmer's ideas, however true and helpful, are not remarkably original or profound, they borrow some distinction from the medium through which they are put forth, a style of limpidity, suavity, and familiar elegance.

In comparison with it Mr. Conover's well-meant sentences suffer perhaps unfairly. Still, it remains true that in manner as well as matter Mr. Conover is inferior not only to Mr. Palmer, but, as he would be the first to admit, to the three writers and teachers from whom he quotes so modestly and generously—President Hyde, Dean Briggs, and Thring of Uppingham. The real value of his book, indeed, lies chiefly in these full and admirable selections, chosen and arranged to bring out and fortify the author's thesis:

> After all improvements in books, methods, and appliances, *the teacher* is the one absolute requisite, and all true advance must go *through him.*

Mr. Conover's book is practical, concentrated, professional. Founded on long experience in St. Paul's School at Concord, N. H., it excels where its scope is narrowest and where the earnest, conscientious labors of the teacher enable him to offer useful suggestions to those in similar situations. On the vexed question of athletics Mr. Conover speaks with no uncertain sound:

> What can we expect in finance and social rivalry of those who have imbibed for many years the spirit that now commonly pervades the playgrounds of our schools and colleges?

This spirit, he finds, is that of "undue rivalry," which "has not only subverted the whole idea of play, but . . . has tended to breed in our stock an inordinate and impatient desire for immediate success":

> . . . The boy is in the way of being trained into an utterly false standard of life. His eye is fixed on all the little trumpery prizes by the way; he is ever racing with somebody; he is worn out with the competition, and loses sight of the great prize: to find that place among his fellows which is *his* and which he can fill better than any other man.

Mr. Conover's remedy is that the school shall "be the absolute arbiter of the games to be played and . . . see to it that its boys play, and not solely or principally train a team to down some other team. Men at college will play what they have learned at school. Now the sequence is reversed. Boys at school try to play what graduates arrange for college men to perform." On religious education the author's views are liberal, but are naturally much colored, especially in expression, by the atmosphere of a "Church" school. It seems a little curious that, while stress is laid on the desirability of careful instruction in the Prayer-Book, Bible-study is mentioned but once, and then to be deprecated.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Wind in the Willows. By Kenneth Grahame. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

It is difficult to describe the impression made by this beautifully written book, or to determine whether it was intended for children, for grown people, or for grown-up children—perhaps it was meant for all. It is full of dewy nature, breathes the open air of field, winding river, and forest. The pipes of Pan are in it, the lure of far blue distances, strange whiffs from gypsy-land. There is wood magic and melody enough in it—apart from the sprinkled songs—to set up a minor poet for life. Yet it tantalizingly fails in its total effect. It goes at times as far over the heads of children as at others it descends beneath the heads of adults. It seems as if the author had set out to write a kind of poetical journal of a group of high-spirited collegians in their *Wanderjahr.* When he had done, it seems, in an odd whim he blotted out the names of human characters and wrote in their stead Water Rat, Toad, Mole, Badger, and Otter. Aside from their names, there is nothing to connect their adventures with the lower animal world. The result is neither a naïve animal story nor evenly sustained allegory—it is a sort of puzzling medley with many happy lucid intervals and promise of better things.

The Shadow World. By Hamlin Garland. New York: Harper & Bros.

Although certain fictitious names of persons and places are used in this book, it is not so much a work of fiction as a record of "the most marvellous phenomena which have come under the author's observation during the last sixteen or seventeen years." He has based his narrative, moreover, not upon general recollection, but upon notes made at sittings, and reports of his to the American Psychical Society, of which he was at one time a director. He also rehearses many of the phenomena vouched for by Crookes, Wallace, Zöllner, Botazzi, and others. But the chief interest of the book for most readers will lie in the record of Mr. Garland's own experience. What is the upshot for him of his commerce with mediums or "psychics"? It has been his determination from the outset "to strip away all romance and all superstitious religious ideas from this subject," and to "insist on the normal character of these phenomena." There is nothing supernatural about them; the problem is simply to find out what unknown law of nature they embody. From this point of view the phenomenon of "telekinesis" is the important one. The remarkable cases of impersonation, or apparent reincarnation of departed souls, he dismisses as of little interest to the scientific investigator. "You are still in the tattered fringes of spiritism, even when you have seen all that impersonation can show you." That material objects may be actually moved by forces other than those which we call physical is the first alleged fact which he sets out to test. In most cases the tests were, to his mind, satisfactorily met: the usual somewhat absurd things happened. The

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author is convinced that tables climbed about the room, accordeons were played by unseen hands, books and other small objects were mysteriously transported, "messages" were received, in writing, by raps, and by whispers. These utterances were commonly trivial in themselves, as were the feats of lifting and moving. Mr. Garland believed that what was involved was "not the mystery of the discarnate soul, but the mystery of the X-ray." The difficulty is that such a work as this can hardly be criticised as a scientific discussion. On the other hand, it has small claim to be read as fiction. Yet its form as such will no doubt result in putting the more recent scientific investigations in "the shadow world" before a great many people who would dodge the reports of the psychical societies.

The Elusive Pimpernel. By Baroness Orczy. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

There yet remains to be written a book, "How to 'Novelize' a Short Story." Whoever undertakes the work should begin with Baroness Orczy, whose wealth of expansive devices commands admiration. "The Elusive Pimpernel," a daring Englishman, moves in the hazardous society of Robespierre and his guillotine; he gets into terrible scrapes and out of them. One of these is the "plot" of this book. Told in forty-four pages, it might have made as lively romance as one could wish for; there are fair ladies, dark intrigues, and surprises enough for that space. But when they fill precisely three hundred more pages, the reader thinks less of them than of the consummate padding.

Leonore Stubbs. By L. B. Walford. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Certain things are confidently to be looked for in a book by the author of "Mr. Smith" and "The Baby's Grandmother"—an English country parish, a group of country neighbors gossiping, tea-drinking, shooting, match-making and breaking. Her new story fulfils all rational expectations without repeating the characters of former parishes. A young widow returns to her father's roof, no heiress as he had supposed, but a poor dependant. He strives to keep her cooped up in the enclosure of ceremonious mourning that the neighborhood may still consider her, and incidentally himself, personages of importance. Of course, serious consequences follow on this forced and false policy, all culminating at last, however, in the correct dénouement for a light novel. The ingredients of dilemma and deliverance are, beside the bullying father and girl-widow daughter, one soft and two hard sisters, one normal aspirant to the lady's supposed fortune, one half-witted suitor, one daft apothecary suitor, the family doctor, a match-making grandmother with an eye to shekels, and the somewhat impalpable true and only prince. The heroine, a very human young person, flinches at loneliness, rebels at suppression, but at last acquires wisdom at the price of a few bruised hearts and impaired lives. The characterizing is one of the book's chief attractions, and includes a variety of new and not unoriginal actors. The story flows unhindered, perfectly readable if not soul-stirring. The parting touch, a perfect example of life's little ironies, shows that it is a mistake to think an author shallow because she writes on a small scale.

The Fly on the Wheel. By Katherine Cecil Thurston. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

A hackneyed subject may be redeemed by original treatment; a great theme may mould to its own beauty the threadbare garb that clothes it; but a trite plot, tritely handled—what shall be said of that, save that it finds and loses its readers with equal ease? The case in point presents the version of the Triangle now most in vogue—a Man, a Wife, and a Young Girl. The Man, we are candidly told, is a type—and how well we know him! Strong, silent, masterful, with a square jaw—the family resemblance to his great-grandfather, Mr. Rochester, is distinctly traceable. Chafing (like many a man) in garments of his own making, he blames the loom on which the fabric was woven. "It's not me," he cries, his emotion rising above grammar, "it's the world that's out of joint." The Wife, having brought him during five years of wedlock nothing more inspiring than a large dowry and three children, seems to have exhausted her possibilities, and grows monotonous. He wearies for dreams, and finds them in the eyes of the Young Girl—only a few years younger than the Wife, to be sure, but full of temperament—familiar euphemism!—and of a bewildering exotic beauty. When his conscience finally asserts itself, strenuously nudged by the one lovable character in the book, he discovers, like the Arabian fisherman, that it is easier to let a genie out of prison than to get him back again. Too much has been said and done to ignore; and even the sudden suicide of the affinity—with whom the author deals as firmly as Barrie with Tommy—does not greatly better matters, except by ending a story which, with the exception of Father James's share in it, is both unwholesome and unnecessary, though possessing undeniable interest.

The Story of a Border City During the Civil War. By Galusha Anderson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50 net.

Dr. Anderson, a professor in the University of Chicago, was, as a young man, from 1858 to 1866, pastor of a Baptist church in St. Louis, and he relates here his experience. It is an interesting account of the struggle for the city between North and South, all of which he saw and part of which he was. A book of this kind has no value except as recording what the author observed with his own eyes, or caught from the air at the moment when the events were happening. Hence when Dr. Anderson takes from John Fiske's "Mississippi Valley During the Civil War," written a generation later, the story of Lyon's visit to Camp Jackson disguised in a "black bombazine gown," he merely encumbers his page. The incident is picturesque, and had Dr. Anderson been an eye-witness, or indeed learned of it at the moment, his confirmation of it would have been worth while. In a similar way the picturesque story of Grant's first recorded shot during the civil war, is quoted from John Fiske. When in a Fifth Street horse-car, in the spring of 1861, a blatant Secessionist was declaiming against the intolerance that would not allow men to fly what flag they chose, "not so intolerant after all," came from Grant, shabby and undistinguished in a corner, "for though many fly rebel flags, it is to be noticed that none have been hanged for it as they deserve." It is a good story, and it is unfortunate that Dr. Anderson does no more to establish its truth than repeat the hearsay of a time long subsequent. Such slips, however, are rare. For the most part our author relates what he heard and saw himself, and makes a good contribution to our knowledge of the time.

It is well to have the memory revived of such patriotic private citizens as James E. Yeatman, J. B. Johnson, W. G. Eliot, Truman Post, and Montgomery Schuyler, of the too-little known work of the Western Sanitary Commission, and of the great fair of 1864. Probably no pictures in the book are more valuable than those of the military administrators, who in succession guided the destinies of the city during the difficult hour. Among these, it has passed into history that Lyon was a marvel of quick decision and good judgment, that Fremont was vainglorious and inefficient, and that Scofield bore himself well between jarring factions. These estimates Dr. Anderson's pages fully confirm. As regards Gen. Halleck, however, this record will tend to unsettle the ordinary view, that he was a man of many shortcomings, and quite inadequate for a high command. In this book he appears as a model officer, keen, intrepid, business-like, vigorous, bringing order out of the forlornest chaos within the city, and managing well a vast department. In our recent history-writing there are signs of a revision of the country's estimate of Halleck. He, no doubt, made vast mistakes, but that his services at

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times were of high value is also true—a fact which this book corroborates. Dr. Anderson's portrait of Rosecrans, too, is engaging. Discredited at Chickamauga, where his discomfiture was largely a matter of ill-luck, he was consigned to the administration of Missouri, as to a limbo fit for a man of fallen fortunes. This book shows that he did not sulk in his retirement, but served as he could, keenly alert in unmasking and confronting the widespread treachery with which in 1864 even the loyal Northwest was deeply honeycombed.

Roman Holidays and Others. By W. D. Howells. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.

One would need to command as rich and delicate an assortment of epithets as Mr. Howells himself in order to do justice to this book. Madeira, Gibraltar, Genoa, Naples, Pisa, Leghorn, Rome—which has two-thirds of the space—and several smaller towns pass before us in a series of entertaining cinematograph pictures which, to our thinking, no other living American, or Englishman either, could rival. For Mr. Howells avoids the psychologizing which makes Henry James's essays of travel now too heavy, and now too wire-drawn and recondite; he avoids also the point-blank, *ad captandum* air of the literary landscapists, who sit down before any scene or building and describe it with businesslike impartiality; and, finally, he avoids the flimsiness of most impressionist word-painting. There is, nevertheless, a blending of all three varieties, without carrying any one of them to an extreme. He gives us with perfect definiteness the actual environment, sketching in the beggars or priests or broad-horned cattle that happened to meet his eyes—but he does not insist too much on details; he moralizes and even psychologizes, but in an offhand, touch-and-go fashion, quite different from Mr. James's; and he indulges in plenty of reflections, but these, too, he does not press too hard.

Whoever remembers the vigor, not to say combativeness, with which Mr. Howells some twenty years ago conducted his propaganda of realism, how he satirized those of us who still found something admirable in Scott and Dickens, in Thackeray and George Eliot, will marvel at the urbanity that pervades his latest book. In those earlier polemics we heard the literary partisan, the recent convert, the doctrinaire; here we listen to the genial traveller of three-score-and-ten, who has no cause to defend, no hero to glorify at the expense of others, no creed to preach; one who sees and feels and remembers, and then reports with charming finesse. The absence of propagandism does not spring from an atrophy of opinions—far from it; but Mr. Howells has attained the art of causing his opinions to glide undogmatically into his reader's mind. You take them in along with the glimpse of landscape or with the recollection. Mr. Howells is desultory enough, without becoming formless, after the manner of the impressionists. His humor, which, we suspect, is his most characteristic gift, plays over every page. He refers frequently to the old days in which as a youth he first visited many of these scenes, but he shows no disposition to exalt the old, nor to lament over the personal transition from youth to age. He takes himself humorously, as at every turn some painting or statue or view brings before him his young self, with the undisciplined enthusiasm and immature conclusions of his earliest Italian sojourn.

The value of books of this kind depends almost entirely on the personality of the writer. Most of us have seen Rome and Naples and Genoa; all of us know them through photographs and through numberless descriptions. It is precisely because we see them through Mr. Howells's eyes, colored and shaped by his individuality, that we prize these particular sketches. As we read Mr. Howells, we think of Heine and Gautier and of still earlier travellers, who left their descriptions of travel, and we note the great change that has come about in such writings. Until recently, *Reisebilder* were likely to be spontaneous and unmethodical. The poet or novelist wrote only when he felt like it, only when he was greatly moved. His purpose was to report his intensest impressions, not to furnish an inventory of all his impressions. The modern writer of travel sketches must, on the contrary, be self-conscious, and must furnish so much copy for every day's sight-seeing. So Mr. Howells knows that, whether he spends his morning on the Pincian, or strolling through the streets, or visiting St. Peter's, or exploring the Forum, he must gather enough impressions to fill his daily stint of manuscript. The result is that there is no proportion observed in the objects which make the impressions—the description of a lizard may be longer than that of the Colisseum—and that the quality of unpremeditatedness—"the first, fine, careless rapture"—which gave charm to Heine's sketches, for instance, cannot be had Mr. Howells, Mr. James, Mrs. Wharton, and all the other adepts who travel to "write up" a country, can never experience a *careless* rapture, because at each moment they are taking stock of their impressions and thinking how to translate them into language. The obligation of finding an adjective to fit every object, however trivial, precludes spontaneity and selection, because there are many objects which, for all ordinary purposes, are not worth labelling. Great literary critics do not waste their time in analyzing tenth rate verse; but the literary landscapist can make no distinctions.

Subjective, casual, and miscellaneous, therefore, must such works be. Fortunately, Mr. Howells is subjectively rich, so that it matters little what he describes. He writes unaffectedly, without purple patches and without effort, after the manner of a glorified journalist, who, accustomed to turn out a large quantity of high-grade copy every day, has neither posterity nor an impossible perfection in view. There is a tradition that when Flaubert could not catch the inevitable word, he would roll on the floor in rage, and we are all so familiar with Stevenson's hectic pursuit of the adjective that we can see him pulling his forelock, yearning, and writhing, and at last, when he captures his word, looking up at us with the exultant expression of Little Jacky Horner. But Mr. Howell's epithets and phrases seem to come easily, do their work, and pass on with refreshing naturalness. And with Italy to stimulate his fund of reminiscence and his unfailing humor, he is a delightful companion.

Science.

Through Southern Mexico. By Hans Gadow. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $6 net.

The work of Professor Gadow on the reptiles, and particularly the lizards, of Mexico is widely known; for most of his scientific results have been published in the Proceedings of the Royal, the Zoölogical, and the Linnæan Societies of London. He has lectured in New York, has just given a Lowell course in Boston; and he holds the chair of zoölogy in Cambridge, England. The present volume is based on two journeys which he and Mrs. Gadow took during the period from June to September in 1902 and 1904, through some of the wilder portions of southern Mexico. The style is clear, and the author's observations reveal the keenness of vision of a thoroughly good field naturalist. The material includes personal adventures, short dissertations on fauna and flora, and on the human inhabitants, past and present. Indeed, there is a great deal of novel and interesting information which will often hold the reader's closest attention for many consecutive pages. Some of the ground has been covered by other writers and it would have been as well to have omitted the first three chapters treating the well-known region of Vera Cruz, Orizaba, and Mexico City. But when the author starts southward he offers something of interest at every step. His very method of travel was novel: he secured a full-sized baggage car and transform-

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ed it into a "private car" by curtaining off a bedroom, supply-room, and guides' sleeping quarters. This was sidetracked at any station where the surrounding country looked inviting, to remain for a longer or shorter time, as camp and base of supplies. By this method Professor Gadow worked gradually southward to the Tehuantepec Isthmus Railroad.

Since the author touches upon all phases of life and nature, a detailed review is impossible here; but one or two facts stand out sharply. Seldom is there presented in print such a striking example of the enormous development of life and the equally great destruction of it in the tropics, as is shown by the account of the tree-frogs of Presidio. Over an area but little larger than a tennis court there suddenly appeared a vast multitude of large, green tree-frogs, uttering cries which, taken as a whole, sounded like the escaping steam from many engines. An absurdly low estimate gave 45,000 as the total number, of which at least half were females laying from five to ten thousand eggs each. Again taking the lower estimates, this would give at the minimum one hundred million eggs.

> The spawn literally covered both ground and water thickly. But the greatest surprise awaited us on the following morning, when we went to photograph the scene. There was not a single frog left: the water had all evaporated, and the whole place was glazed over with dried up spawn! The prospective chance of millions of little frogs was gone, their expectant parents having been deceived in calculating their day of incarnation. That was on the 4th of July, several weeks after the beginning of the rather fitful rainy season.

In any general account of a country errors cannot fail to slip in, but the chief fault of the author is a tendency to jump at conclusions or to draw inferences that are rather too sweeping. For example, in a general account of the distribution of color in a tropical forest (p. 108) we find the assertion:

> Lastly, those few animals that live on the ground itself, are nearly all dark of color, whether toads, frogs, lizards, snakes, or birds. It would be no good to wear a beautiful dress in a badly-lighted place; or rather, it is impossible, as such colors could not be developed there.

The last seven words have no foundation in fact, for we find many exceptions of color in frogs and snakes (such as the coral snakes, which the author himself describes), and in fishes and other creatures of the deeper, unlighted portions of the sea. A more serious defect is the lack of a good index. The seven pages devoted to one are almost wasted. None of the illustrations is noteworthy, and some of the drawings are slovenly.

The educational museum of Teachers College has opened, until February 13, an exhibit of material collected in various parts of the world by Prof. David Eugene Smith to illustrate the historical development of mathematics. The growth of number systems is illustrated by several Babylonian cylinders, casts and photographs of many others, and similar material; by magic squares and mystic trigrams on stone, and in Chinese silk; and by specimens of dice from Egyptian to modern times. The development of mechanical calculation is shown through Egyptian slates, Greek abaci, Roman reckoning pennies, and mediæval tally sticks down to contemporary machines that perform all arithmetical operations. The growth of trigonometry and astronomy is similarly illustrated through European and Oriental instruments. There are ancient and mediæval compasses, spheres, astrolabes, dials, calendars, weights, and measures. Selections from some 300 Persian, Arabic, and Indian mathematical manuscripts, and from some 600 Chinese and Japanese works are shown —the most interesting probably being the works of Bhaskara, the greatest Hindu mathematician; the monumental Chinese encyclopædia of mathematics, and the series of manuscripts marking the Oriental developments of geometry. The development of arithmetic is illustrated by plates from Professor Smith's descriptive catalogue of some 400 works published before 1601, perhaps the largest collection ever made. Later mathematical developments are illustrated by many rare volumes and selections from Professor Smith's collection of 5,000 autographs, portraits, and medals. Among these are several manuscripts, a dozen medals, and 150 portraits of Newton. The exhibit is open to the public.

Dr. Thomas Gray, vice-president of the Rose Polytechnic Institute of Terre Haute, Ind., head of the department of mechanical and civil engineering, died December 19. He was born in Lochgelly, Scotland, in 1850, and was graduated from Glasgow University in 1878. In 1879-81 he taught electrical engineering in the Imperial College at Tokio. For the succeeding seven years he was the assistant of Lord Kelvin in electrical engineering; he represented him and Prof. Fleeming Jenkin during the manufacture and laying of the Mackay-Bennett transatlantic cable. Dr. Gray was author of "Directions for Seismological Observations" in the British Admiralty "Manual of Scientific Inquiry," of articles on telegraphs and telephones in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and of many papers on scientific and engineering subjects. He was on the expert staff of the "Century Dictionary" in the department of electricity.

News comes from Würzburg of the death of the eminent pathologist, Eduard G. von Rindfleisch, at the age of seventy-two. He was a student under Virchow, and after various positions became, in 1874, Virchow's successor at Würzburg. His researches into the nature of tuberculosis were of acknowledged importance. He published a number of books, including "Lehrbuch der pathologischen Gewebelehre" and "Elemente der Pathologie."

The death is announced of Dr. Giuseppe Ciscato, in his fiftieth year. He had, since 1886, been connected with the Padua Observatory, where he accomplished a good deal of notable work in meteorology and geodesy, as well as in astronomy. He published studies in spherical trigonometry and in the use of the micrometer.

Drama.

EARLY ENGLISH DRAMA IN RELATIONS TO THE GOVERNMENT.

Documents Relating to the Office of the Revels in the Time of Queen Elizabeth. Edited with notes and indexes by Albert Feuillerat. Pp. xvii.+513. [Vol. XXI. of the series Materialien zur Kunde des älteren englischen Dramas, under the general editorship of W. Bang.] Louvain.

Government Regulation of the Elizabethan Drama. By Virginia Crocheron Gildersleeve. Pp. vii.+259. New York: Columbia University Press; The Macmillan Co., agents.

Every great movement may be studied under two aspects: the Germans call them internal history and external. The internal history of our early drama consists in the treatment of the lives and writings of the dramatists and of the creative impulses to which they gave utterance. This we have had amply presented in the monumental works by Ward and by Schelling. But the external history of the drama, the treatment of those social and political forces which worked for or against it, is still to be written. Some questions have, indeed, been touched upon by Ward, more by Schelling. In the main, however, the relations of the drama to the nation at large and to the government in particular, whether royal or municipal, are not yet clearly and fully adjusted. This is not surprising. Not only are the facts hard to get at, buried in official documents, but the subject itself demands of the historian a large measure of self-abnegation. One must be indeed a model of insight and patience to see one's way through the maze of tricks and counter-tricks between players and censors.

The two books before us, the latest contributions to the solution of the problem, are as different as can well be imagined. Feuillerat's work, a bulky quarto of over five hundred pages, is little more than a verbatim reprint of official papers: first, the documents relating to the establishment of the Office of the Revels, next, the accounts of the Revels. The period covered is that of the reign of Elizabeth. Apart from the editor's notes, pp. 425-476, the volume offers nothing for the ordinary reader. It is literally a storehouse of dry facts and figures, names, dates, from which the future expert must draw conclusions. In the preface the editor informs us that the present volume is but the first of a *corpus* of revels-documents; that a second volume, relating to the Revels in the times of Edward VI. and Mary is ready, that a third volume upon the Court Festivities of Henry VIII. is

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in preparation, to be followed by a fourth, on the Revels of the Stuarts. In addition, he hopes to give, in an independent book, "the marrow of the documents." Truly an heroic undertaking. Even admitting that the volumes for Edward and Mary and for Henry will be much smaller than the present, we may safely guess that the Stuart volume ought to be even bulkier. A mere glance at M. Feuillerat's pages fills one with admiration for his unflagging zeal and accuracy. Dry enough the reading is. For example, p. 193:

Predor & Lucia, playde by Therle of Leicesters servaunts vpon Saint stevens daye &c.

Alkmeon, playde by the Children of Powles on Saint Iohns daye &c.

Truth, ffaythfulnesse & Mercye, playde by the Children of westminster . . . vpon New yeares day &c.

Herpetulus the blew Knighte & *Perobia,* playde by my Lord Klintons servantes the third of Ianuary &c.

The entries are for December-January, 1573-4. One gets an insight into the doings of the Earl of Leicester's troupe and Lord Clinton's (see F. E. Schelling, "Elizabethan Drama," Vol. I., 144). In subject we note one classic, or pseudo-classic piece, two pieces from mediæval romance, one from the moralities. All four are mentioned by Schelling; here, however, we get them *in situ.* We also learn that at the one Christmas season these four plays, and two more, six in all, were given at Whitehall. The court drama thus takes on body and movement. The editor gives (pp. xiii-xvii) a chronological list of plays mentioned in this volume (1559-1589), with references to page and line of the text. It is a bewildering list of entertainments, some named, some without title. After the texts have been thoroughly scrutinized by competent scholars, we shall know considerably more about the early drama. For the present we are tempted to echo the colloquy between Faust and Mephistopheles on their way up the Brocken:

Faust. Da muss sich manches Rätsel lösen.

Mephistopheles. Doch manches knüpft sich auch.

We have not discovered that "A historie of fferrar," given on Twelfth Day, 1582-3, is noted elsewhere. The editor, in his note (p. 448), raises the question: "Can this ['The Paynfull Plill-grimage,' 1567-8], be 'Everyman'?" And calls attention to line 565 of "Everyman":

So must thou or thou scape that paynful pylgrymage.

The mere conjecture of a scholar like M. Feuillerat should, of course, be heeded. Yet we venture to remark that the phrase, "pilgrimage of man" was current in Middle English literature in connection with the translations from De Guilevile's "Pelerinage." The editor's note (p. 449) on "The Kinge of Scottes," in criticism of Mrs. Stopes's conjecture, is one of many evidences of his quick perception and wide reading. In conclusion we express to M. Feuillerat our warmest wishes for the completion of his great enterprise; most of all do we long for his "marrow of the documents." Already he has put into our hands the means of correcting the work of Collier and of Chambers.

Miss Gildersleeve's essay is wholly different in scope and character. In scope, it ranges from Henry VIII to Charles I. In character, it deals with everything that helped, checked, or interfered with the acting of plays. The Master of Revels is, of course, the central figure; but, in addition, we read of the doings of King (or Queen) and Council, of judges, lords mayor, bishops, municipal bodies, and other public functionaries. We cannot pretend to give even the briefest outline of contents; we must restrict ourselves to indicating general value and to touching upon a few special points.

As a whole, the essay is most readable and even enjoyable. The humblest lay student of the drama will gain a lucid conspectus of this battlefield of motley forces. The author marshals her data effectively; certainly, she does not weary the reader with a mere show of erudition. The erudition is there, but not for parade. The distinctive feature of her style is clearness and sobriety of statement. Chapter iii, "The Nature of the Censorship" (by the Master of the Revels), will doubtless be found the most interesting. The successive Masters were, it is clear, gentlemen in the aristocratic sense, and their chief function, as concerned public plays, was to maintain public order, or rather to avert public disorder; also, to collect for the Crown some revenue from licenses. There is no evidence that any of the Masters looked upon himself as a Cato, a censor of public morals. On the contrary, they tolerated much that our public opinion would pronounce insufferable. In general, the Masters were well disposed towards players and playhouses. In fact, as licensing became more and more the custom, the licensing of a play seems to have carried with it the guarantee of the Master's protection against mayors, city councils, and other strait-laced busybodies. By the Parliamentary act of May, 1606, the "abuse of the Holy Name of God" was strictly prohibited, and this prohibition was enforced; but mere morals were of minimum importance and seldom furnished an occasion for interference. (See, on this point, the censoring of D'Avenant's "Wits," pp. 127-128.)

Another interesting fact (brought out at p. 83) is that the license of a play might be used as a means of preventing the theft of that play by a rival company. Still another fact is that the best companies, for instance Shakespeare's, seldom if ever got into serious difficulty with the Master. Even where there seemed to be offence given, the trouble was promptly smoothed over; the company's general reputation was evidence that the offence was unintentional. A signal instance was the performance of "Richard II" on the eve of the Essex rebellion (p. 99). Only writers and players of "sorry stuff" were in serious danger. Miss Gildersleeve's judgment (pp. 134-35) seems to us conclusive:

> What would the Elizabethan drama have been, had it been free from this supervision? Not materially different, I imagine, from what it was. The dramatists would no doubt have been spared much annoyance, for it must have been peculiarly exasperating to them to have their verses spoiled by such "reformations" as we have seen; but the general content and spirit of their plays would probably have been much the same. They would undoubtedly have indulged in much more personal satire and scurrilous abuse of living individuals—a loss to which we can easily reconcile ourselves, as we can to the expurgated oaths. They would doubtless have written more plays treating current politics, and especially foreign relations and affairs. . . . But even when the drama did touch politics, it was rather, especially under the Stuarts, the mere expression of the views of one faction of the court party . . . than any discussion of the great political and religious questions which were stirring so profoundly the heart of the nation. This was not due to the censorship. Nearly all those seriously concerned for civil liberty and religious reform were comprised in the party loosely called Puritan, and to them the stage was anathema.

Sidelights upon the past and hints for the present are in plenty. Thus (p. 177) we learn that the Lords of the Queen's Council in 1591 became exercised over the frequency of plays on Sundays and Thursdays—Thursday was the chief bear-baiting day—and directed that on these two days no plays be allowed, "for the greater reverence of God and the encouragement of the Queen's bear-baiters." This coupling of piety and sport may provoke laughter or indignation, according to our temperament. Yet shall we throw a stone, we who have seen party managers conducting a great political campaign, with the sophistical confusion of race-track gambling and "personal liberty?" In the matter of language we note one point of present interest. Such constructions as "the *then* King" are usually condemned as Germanisms. Yet in Lord Hunsdon's letter, 1594, to the Lord Mayor (p. 182) we read: "Where my *nowe* company of players," etc.

How far Miss Gildersleeve's data may need to be modified in accordance with Feuillerat's work, we cannot at present undertake to say. She has written, of course, in ignorance of Feuillerat's labors, the two books appearing almost simultaneously. At first glance it seems

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to us that her remarks upon Benger, Blagrave, Tilney, and Buc may need adjustment to Feuillerat's notes, pp. 425-426, 439-440. Certainly Miss Gildersleeve has mastered all the literature accessible when she was making her studies. The bibliography is excellent, and the index is up to the highest standard. Her interpretation of Lord Coke's decision (p. 200) shows that she is abundantly able to think for herself. Her judgments are not only sound, but moderate and dignified. We quote from her concluding remarks:

To men who had already developed something of the modern sensibility in matters of decency and morality, most of the later Elizabethan [the term covers the reigns of James I. and Charles I.] drama must indeed have seemed hopelessly abhorrent. . . . There was much to justify extreme measures at the time of the closing of the theatres. As one thinks of the stage of the period, no longer expressive of the best feelings of the nation, as one remembers the preposterous horrors into which tragedy had degenerated, and the inexpressibly offensive indecency of much of the comedy of the time, and with this picture of the drama in mind, reads the grave and dignified phrases of the edict of 1642, one feels that, for the moment at least, the Puritans had the better part.

Yes, truly the later drama might well recall the Biblical saying, that a man's worst foes are those of his own household.

Charles Rann Kennedy's notable tragedy, "The Winter Feast" (see the *Nation* of December 3, p. 557), may now be read in the handsome printed form supplied by Harper & Brothers. Although it failed in stage representation, owing to mistakes in management and other causes, it is a play of powerful imagination and excellent literary and dramatic workmanship, which will well repay the attention of the intelligent reader.

An English translation of Hermann Sudermann's "John the Baptist," by Beatrice Marshall, has been published by the John Lane Co., with all the attractions of black type, fine paper, and ample margins. Whatever may be the case with the original, the English text possesses no special quality to compensate for the inherent nastiness of the Salome legend or for the misrepresentation of an heroic Biblical figure.

Wilhelm von Scholz is the editor of a series of books called Deutsche Dramaturgie (Munich: Georg Müller), of which the second volume, "Schillers Dramaturgie," has just been published. It contains all writings and remarks of Schiller relating to the drama and the stage, compiled and selected by Otto Flackenberg.

"The Battle," by Cleveland Moffett, which was produced in the Savoy Theatre on Monday evening, tells an interesting theatrical story and is likely to prove a popular success, but would have been much more valuable if the author had worked out the problem suggested by his opening acts to some definite and logical conclusion, instead of exerting his ingenuity to create an apparent balance between opposing arguments, and so bring about the conventional happy ending. In a speech before the curtain he explained that he had no intention of taking sides; the result is a commercial play instead of a vital drama. He imagines the case of a multimillionaire who discovers his abducted son in the person of a young agitator filled with the crudest socialistic theories. The father becomes the inmate of a tenement himself in order that he may study the lad's character, win his esteem, combat theories with facts, and qualify him for the management of the vast estate to which he is unconsciously heir. The story, on the technical side, is melodramatic, artificial, and improbable; but the scheme is a good one, and throughout three acts the different points of view of capital and labor are illustrated and contrasted with considerable cleverness and effect, if without much originality or depth of insight. The fact that there are two sides to this, as most other questions, is emphasized and the follies and vices of improvident labor are dwelt upon, as well as the remorselessness and greed of predatory wealth. The play, therefore, is something out of the common, so far as the main idea of it is concerned, but comes to naught in the end, because the author lacked either convictions or the courage of them. But it undoubtedly contains the promise of something far better and stronger in the future.

H. Granville Barker and J. E. Vedrenne are no longer at the little Court Theatre, which, under their management, was the most interesting in London, but their influence survives. As most of our readers know, they inaugurated special afternoon performances for the presentation and trial of new, and the revival of old, plays which would have then seemed impossible ventures of any but private societies and amateurs. The afternoons were dramatically a success, and, to judge from the crowds they drew, financially as well. An example was set which Beerbohm Tree now bravely follows with an "Afternoon Theatre," whose object is "to give further opportunities for the presentation of modern plays and for the occasional revival of classical plays." Mr. Tree, naturally, devotes his own theatre to the purpose, and Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday are the afternoons set apart for the purpose. This is distinctly a new departure for a popular theatre like His Majesty's, and it has been awaited with much curiosity and doubt. But the first performance (Tuesday, December 8) has been encouraging. Mr. Tree has a striking capacity for transforming the play that comes into his hands, whether modern or classical, romantic or realistic, native or foreign, into an elaborate spectacular display with himself, varying in get-up but seldom in personality, as the principal figure. At the Court Theatre, however, the stage setting was always of the simplest and there was no principal figure; indeed, the excellence of the performance depended upon the thorough training of the entire company to act together, with no one actor or actress dominating the others. It is pleasant then to find that Mr. Tree, on his first afternoon, has had the wisdom to efface himself and not to appear at all, and moreover to take no undue advantage of the chance offered by the play for elaborate or meretricious effects. This play was Hauptmann's "Hannele," as translated by William Archer. It would be hard to imagine "Hannele" on the regular programme of any theatre in London. It is, in fact, as in name, a "Dream Poem," and dreams or poems, unless interpreted with the melodramatic emphasis of Irving in "The Bells" or Mr. Tree in "Ulysses" and "Herod," would be unintelligible to the great British public. One matter of regret was the inability of most of the actors to deliver their lines with the clearness and intelligence that, especially in a play like "Hannele," is the first essential. No matter, however, what the defects of the performance, there is no question of the interest and importance of the experiment. With the stage so largely given over to musical extravaganza, to light and trivial comedy and farce, any effort to appeal to people who ask for drama is to be respected.

Music.

Chapters of Opera. By Henry Edward Krehbiel. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3.50 net.

In the years 1885-1890 Mr. Krehbiel gave to the world five volumes containing reviews of the musical season in New York. While extremely valuable for reference, these books contained too much that was of ephemeral interest to appeal to the general reader, and the publication was discontinued—a fate which has overtaken similar experiments in Paris and elsewhere. Of an entirely different character is the new volume, "Chapters of Opera," which contains much more than its unpretentious title indicates. The sub-title gives a better idea of its contents: "Historical and Critical Observations and Records concerning the Lyric Drama in New York from its Earliest Days down to the Present Time." Here everything is eliminated except what is almost or quite as interesting to-day as it was at the time when it happened. Take the contents of a single chapter as a sample:

The Public Clamor for German Opera—Oscar Hammerstein and his First Manhattan Opera House—Rivalry between Anton Seidl and Walter Damrosch—The Latter's Career as Manager—Wagner Triumphant—German Opera Restored at the Metropolitan—"The Scarlet Letter"—"Mataswintha"—"Hänsel und Gretel" in English—Jean de Reszke and His Influence—Mapleson for the Last Time—"Andrea Chenier"—Melba's Disastrous Essay with Wagner—"Le Cid"—Metropolitan Performances.

Nearly every one of the twenty-four chapters calls up similar memories, and it may be said at once that the record of the facts is here presented, not only in a readable manner, but without bias, and with a painstaking accuracy of which only two other musical scholars in this country—Philip Hale and O. G. Sonneck—would be capable.

What prompted the preparation of this volume at the present time was the

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completion of an existence of a quarter of a century by the Metropolitan Opera House. During all this period Mr. Krehbiel has occupied the same seat at nearly every important performance, and he is thus able to record at first hand the interesting and instructive struggle which has been going on in that house between fad and fashion on one side and serious artistic endeavor on the other. This struggle has a social as well as a musical interest. The history of manners, as well as of music, is touched on more than once. At the present day, frequenters of the Metropolitan are seldom annoyed by talking or laughter in the boxes; but it was not always so. At one time the conduct of the plutocrats in these boxes grew to be so intolerable that there were frequent demonstrations of disapproval and rebuke from the listeners who sat in the parquet and balconies, and in January, 1891, the directors posted in each box a notice reading:

> Many complaints having been made to the directors of the Opera House of the annoyance produced by the talking in the boxes during the performances, the board requests that it be discontinued.

Mr. Krehbiel begins with the first performances of Italian opera in New York, which occurred at a period so recent that they are within the memory of persons still living. He dwells briefly on the ballad operas, the Garcia troupe, Malibran, Niblo's, and has a good deal to say about Mozart's librettist, Da Ponte, on whom ne is an authority. In those early days, Italian opera was the only kind in vogue, but it is interesting to note that already before the civil war, a plea for the permanent substitution of English for Italian opera was made by the *Tribune's* critic, Mr. Fry. He wrote three and a half columns on the subject, to the great indignation of Horace Greeley, who had gone to Washington to expose Pierce and Cushing's "perversions of history," and then found his article crowded out to make room for Fry's, concerning which he wrote: "I don't believe three hundred people who take the *Tribune*, care one chew of Tobacco for the matter." There are other good anecdotes in this volume, one of the most amusing of which relates to Mapleson and his success in the unprecedented feat of not only getting into debt with Patti (who always demanded cash in advance) but actually borrowing $75 of her under the circumstances. Almost equally strange is the historic record of the failure of Patti, in her prime, to save Italian opera at the Academy from the deadly rivalry of German opera at the Metropolitan. The story of the seven happy years of German opera at that house is related in full, with details not known to newspaper readers. Then came the reaction, the banishment of German opera, and its restoration through the enthusiasm of the very singers who had been brought from Europe to kill it. Mr. Krehbiel's remarks on the part played in our operatic history by Seidl, Lilli Lehmann, Jean de Reszke, and others are extremely interesting, and valuable. He dwells, too, on the important fact that it was in this city that the two greatest of all Wagner singers, Lehmann and De Reszke, first discovered their specialty. The narrative is continued down to the present year, two chapters being devoted to Hammerstein's first two seasons. The volume is embellished by over seventy portraits, mostly in costume, and to Anton Seidl falls the deserved honor of serving as the frontispiece.

August Göllerich has written a 350-page book on Liszt which includes, among other things, seven compositions not before printed (Berlin: Marquardt & Co.). Another new book, Dr. Julius Kapp's "Wagner und Liszt: Eine Freundschaft" (Berlin: Schuster & Loeffler), is a monograph with much new material on the friendship between those two men.

The first novelty which Mr. Gatti-Casazza provided at the Metropolitan Opera House was "Le Villi," a juvenile opera by the beloved Puccini. As this lasts only an hour and a half, it was followed last Thursday by the popular "Cavalleria Rusticana," with the biggest cast ever heard in it—Caruso, Destinn, Gay, Amato. As a matter of course, there was a large (though not crowded) audience, although the price of $5 seats had been advanced to $7. But nobody was deluded as to the part played by the novelty. It was voted a bore and a dead failure. To students of musical history, it was, however, of interest, because it contains the germs of the "Young Italian" style which Mascagni borrowed, developed, and brought to the attention of the whole world with his "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Walter Damrosch has made two new orchestral arrangements for concert from Wagner operas, which will have their first hearing at the holiday programme, to be given by the Symphony Society at Carnegie Hall Sunday afternoon, December 27. The first is from "Siegfried," and includes the music descriptive of Siegfried's ascent of the mountain, and pressing through the flames surrounding the sleeping Brunnhilde. The second, which Mr. Damrosch calls "The Magic of St. John's Eve," is from "Die Meistersinger." Other selections in the afternoon's programme will be "Tannhäuser's Pilgrimage" to Rome, the prelude to "Lohengrin," and the "Tristan" finale. Madame Jomelli will be the soloist.

The Oratorio Society's Christmastide performances of "The Messiah" will be the seventy-fifth and seventy-sixth since its organization in 1873. Handel's work will be sung, under Frank Damrosch's direction, at Carnegie Hall, on Saturday afternoon, December 26, and the following Tuesday evening. The chorus of the Oratorio Society will be assisted by an orchestra and organ, and by the following soloists: Corinne Rider-Kelsey, Gertrude Lonsdale, George Hamlin, and Dalton Baker.

Mendelssohn performances are being everywhere prepared for, in order to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of Mendelssohn's birth, February 3, 1909. The first entertainment of the season bearing direct relation to the celebrations will be a stage performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at Carnegie Hall Saturday afternoon, January 2. The Ben Greet players will give a regular stage performance, with costumes, and the orchestra will perform all of Mendelssohn's musical setting.

Art.

Painting in the Far East. By Laurence Binyon. New York: Longmans Green & Co. $6 net.

Mr. Binyon has not produced the great history of Chinese and Japanese painting which awaits the hand of some exceptionally endowed and privileged writer. The resources upon which he has drawn are scanty: the paintings in the British Museum, the Arthur Morrison Collection, the Freer Collection, and the reproductions in the *Kokka* and the superb "Select Relics of Japanese Art" edited by S. Tajima. His task has thus been comparable to that of a critic who should attempt to describe Italian art without the treasures of Italy. But within the limitations imposed upon him, he has made a useful and interesting volume. If he writes of Professor Fenollosa as if that critic were still living and able to give us the promised and much-desired work on Japan, such slips are rare, and in general he has availed himself of the most recent helps—still very few—toward mastering his subject.

Among these sources Mr. Binyon does not omit Dr. Stein's great work on the explorations in Chinese Turkestan ("Ancient Khotan," reviewed in the *Nation* April 9, 1908, p. 332), with its astonishing evidence of the influence of Greek art on the Far Eastern peoples of Asia. These glimpses into the past throw daily more light on that miracle of history by which a little folk on the Ægean Sea sent out their sense of form in lines of power radiating endlessly to the East and the West. Mr. Binyon lays sufficient stress on this fact historically, but in his chapter comparing the art of Orient and Occident he does not take advantage of this influence as a point of departure. He has his eye too exclusively on the painting of the middle ages and the renaissance in Europe. The contrast he draws is initially sound. He explodes easily the earlier view which found in the West an art of form and in the East an art of color. Not color, but line, is the characteristic of Eastern painting, or, more precisely, rhythmical line:

> In this theory every work of art is thought of as an incarnation of the genius of rhythm, manifesting the living spirit of things with a clearer beauty and intenser power than the gross impediments of complex matter allow to be transmitted to our senses in the visible world around us. A picture is conceived as a sort of apparition

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from a more real world of essential life. That is well said, but we question whether Mr. Binyon goes quite to the root of the matter. This apparition is not precisely a glimpse into "a more real world of essential life"; that, we take it, is an Occidental philosophy. What seems rather to need emphasis is the feeling always of rhythmical evanescence caught from the Buddhistic law of universal impermanence. This bit of moon-lit scenery, this poised tiger or fish, this delicate spray of blossoms, this floating human figure, produces its entrancing effect because it is a glimpse of life vibrating from one impenetrable obscurity to another. The most fruitful point of comparison would be to show how on one side the Greek vision of form was modified and subtilized by the Oriental sense of transitoriness, and on the other side by the renaissance conception of stability and scientific law. And to this comparison should be added the still more important truth that in Greek art itself, at its best, there was a Platonic mystery of pure stationary form as the impress of the infinite on the finite, which neither Oriental nor Occidental ever again quite recovered or understood.

But in adding our own theory to Mr. Binyon's excellent discussion of principles we are forgetting the chapters in which he follows the course of Chinese and Japanese painting from the work of Ku K'ai-chih in the fourth century A. D. (with a reproduction from a picture of his in the British Museum, the oldest Chinese painting whose existence is known) to the marvellous and comparatively well-known works of Hokusai (b. 1760) and the color-prints of Ukiyoyé. The record necessarily touches on only the chief moments and the great names, but Mr. Binyon's text is pleasant and discriminating, and the full-page reproductions are excellent collotypes. For those who desire an amateur's acquaintance with a great and fascinating art, the book can be heartily recommended. It is also one of the handsomest of the holiday productions.

David C. Preyer's "The Art of the Netherland Galleries; Being a History of the Dutch School of Painting Illuminated and Demonstrated by Critical Descriptions of the Great Paintings in the Many Galleries" (Boston: L. C. Page & Co.) is a mildly entertaining book by an author with no charm of well-formed literary style, with apparently no profound convictions, no original philosophy of art and life, but with an equipment of generally sound ideas as to the relative standing of the Dutch painters, and with an indubitable fund of information on various aspects of his subject. His interest and erudition find expression in a well illustrated volume of nearly 400 pages, which would be of undoubted assistance in preparing for a paper at the woman's club or for a tour of the Netherlands. Mr. Preyer is proud of not having "burdened these pages with the romancing fancies and fairy tales which tradition has gathered around many of the more prominent men." Yet, to the student who appreciates art in its larger relationship to society the legends and apocryphal stories are often quite as illuminating as verified facts, and should at least be stated for what they are worth. Fortunately the author's practice is somewhat better than his theory, for he gives not a few entertaining personalia. Mr. Preyer, like many who write harmlessly harmful criticism (for these illustrated art books, it may be suspected, are looked at more often than read), builds his whole work around Leonardo's aphorism that "the true artist must study and follow nature alone," a dictum which is true only if a very broad definition of "nature" is accepted. For art itself is certainly not supernatural. Every act of artistic creation is an outcome of varied experiences, extending over the greater part of the artist's life. No realist, no impressionist who has ever seen works by other painters, fails, however sincerely he thinks he is following nature alone, to be influenced in his technical procedure by concepts thus previously integrated. No artist, on the other hand, who imitates or even copies work of another country and age can help putting into his art some of the results of his observation of his immediate surroundings and his reaction upon them.

"The Old Masters: One Hundred Examples of Their Work Chosen from European Galleries and Reproduced in Color with Notes on the Pictures," is a handsome quarto in two volumes, published in London by J. M. Dent & Co., and imported by E. P. Dutton & Co. Most of the great collections have been laid under contribution, but the National Gallery has been drawn on almost too freely. We confess, indeed, that the principle of selection is not wholly intelligible. No two critics, of course, would agree in such a matter, and it is perhaps sufficient if, as in this case, practically all the pictures are important work of important painters. Possibly the exigencies of mechanical reproduction have in some instances determined the choice. The defects of the three-color process are so well known that we need not dwell on them. In these volumes one can, of course, find typical specimens of hardness of outline and inaccuracy in rendering tint—for example, Murillo's Immaculate Conception from the Prado. But the results as a whole have been remarkably successful and the collection is very instructive and interesting. The text consists of brief biographical data, usually adequate; explanation of the pictures, and general comment on the artist. The commentator, whose name is not given, has occasionally been unable to resist the temptation to gush, which has overcome so many art critics. But the pictures are the thing.

A pretty piece of sentiment is "Our Home and Country," pictured by W. L. Taylor (Moffat, Yard & Co.). Mr. Taylor's illustrations to patriotic poems of Longfellow and others are brought together in a series of full-page plates that will find warm acceptance among those of a certain taste.

With progress in the making of beautiful books so evident among the Germans, the fifty-seventh volume in Marquardt & Co.'s Kunst series, "Buchkunst," seems timely. The author, Felix Poppenberg, is one of the most interesting critics of art in Germany to-day.

Dr. Oscar Münsterberg, whose comprehensive work on Japan and its art was published a decade ago, has now written a small volume on Japanese art alone: "Japans Kunst" (G. E. Stechert & Co.).

The eighth annual report of the managing committee of the British School at Rome has just been published, showing the activities of the school in investigating the Roman remains of Central Italy, the aqueducts of the Roman Campagna, and the prehistoric remains of Sardinia and Malta, and in preparing a full descriptive catalogue of the Capitoline Museum, which is soon to be published. The work done in Malta is of special interest, since the prehistoric remains of that island are of great importance. The great megalithic structures of the Gigantia, Hagar-Kim, and Mnaidra have long been known. They are generally believed to date from the Bronze Age, and to have served as sacred buildings. Recently an extensive *hypogæum* called Halsaftieni, has been discovered close to Valetta, cut in the rock, the arrangement of which is similar to the other edifices, though it seems to have served at some period as a burial place. In it was found a large quantity of pottery, some of which is peculiar to Malta. Other prehistoric structures, probably dwellings, were also located.

Commendatore Boni has been pursuing his investigations of the Velia and the area adjacent to the Arch of Titus on the Roman Forum with interesting results. There are now uncovered two great parallel lines of masonry enclosing a vast area at the foot of the northern slopes of the Palatine. These massive foundations, composed of fragments of tufa and travertine, mixed up with pieces of terracotta and broken marble ornaments, are attributed to the sixth century A. D. They furnished a fortified defence to the Palatine Hill of which the towers, connected by corridors, can still be traced. Within the area which these walls enclosed stand the ruins of the ancient *horrea* (magazines and granaries of all kinds), and of many other buildings, some of which date back to the earliest days of the Roman Empire. Near the Arch of Titus the line of fortifications cut through a building which dates either from the later republic or the beginning of the empire. The ground floor of this republican house still retains some of its mosaics. The most remarkable feature of the house is its underground portion divided into numerous small corridors and courts and small chambers, the floors of which still preserve the brick ridges that once supported beds. In one of these chambers the walls, which were filled with nails, showed traces of about twenty coats of paint and whitewash; some traces of an inscription are still discernible, as well as a painting of three Bacchic thyrsi. Another series of rooms contained baths. A large quantity of pottery was found in this house, including about 200 lamps, some with painted designs, a number of fine fragments of Arretine vases, and many pieces of glass.

Prof. J. Garstang of the University of Liverpool, in a recent lecture before the Royal Asiatic Society in London, gave the

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results of an archæological expedition in Asia Minor, from which he has recently returned. A concession had been obtained for excavating the ruins of Sakji-Geuzi, and a preliminary survey was made of this important site, which is expected to yield valuable evidence for the state of culture reached by the Hittites. On excavating one of the mounds the explorers discovered a temple in excellent preservation and a series of sculptures. As these had not been exposed to the weather, the inscriptions and carvings were much clearer than on any Hittite monuments previously discovered. Although found in what was only a provincial city the sculptures were of good quality. By paying special attention to the stratification of the mound it was found that the site was occupied from neolithic times to the end of the Hittite power. The soundings made in other mounds proved that they would abundantly repay excavation, and Professor Garstang is therefore looking forward to ten or fifteen years of excavation of that site, and is confident that the work there will throw much light on the great Hittite problem.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are "thumb-nail" sketches by well-known artists at Powell's, till December 30; bronzes by American artists, Macbeth's, December 31; pastels by Walter Griffin, Bauer-Folsom's, December 31; Italian laces and embroideries copied from old designs by women of the New York Italian colony, Scuola's, December 31; paintings, Edward Gay, Clausen's, January 4.

Finance.

THE REALITIES.

A severe break in prices on the Stock Exchange, such as has just occurred, usually opens the eyes of many people to facts which they had been unable or unwilling to see before. This office the present reaction in prices has helped to perform.

The best judges, in and out of Wall Street, declared in October that Mr. Taft's success could hardly of itself cause prosperity, or Mr. Bryan's success adversity. They admitted the "holding-up of orders" on the eve of election day, but they now explain both the spasm of trade activity in the fortnight after November 3, and the subsequent relapse to quiescence, as a perfectly natural result of these postponements. Some of them are beginning to hint that, with merchants' shelves so bare and underlying conditions working so normally towards improvement, we might by this time have been pretty much where we are to-day, even if Bryan had pulled through. We should have had a break on the Stock Exchange, of course, and a week or two in which merchants would have shaken their heads sorrowfully when they met, wondering who was to foot the bill at Christmas. But, say the heretics, real conditions will in the long run win over sentiment. Even the worn-out rails of the Pennsylvania would have had to be replaced, whoever was choosing Cabinet officers; the $7,778,000,000 worth of American crops in 1908 would have equally found a market, whatever the voters had decreed; and shoes and clothes and hats and furniture call for renewal as surely as do rails. Therefore, one may even go so far as to imagine the great "bear movement"—the immediate and highly probable sequel to the news of a Bryan victory—to have been followed in its turn by a sudden "raid on the shorts," by a violent Stock Exchange recovery, and, finally, by a volume of general trade exactly what it appears to be to-day—something like three-fourths of normal, with an output from the Steel Corporation, on December 19, ranging from 58½ to 60 per cent. of the mills' capacity.

What have we really accomplished, since October, by way of return to real prosperity? A trained economist, when this question is put to him as regards either past or present conditions, has several tests to apply. The iron output is one, bank clearings another, business failures a third, and transactions on the Stock Exchange a fourth.

The testimony of November's iron production is commonly called disappointing, because increase in daily output over October was only 4 per cent., increase in capacity December 1 only 5 per cent. over November 1, and both of them far below the same date in such a year as 1906. But against this must be placed the fact that November's output reflected a steady and unbroken increase over midsummer, making daily production larger by 56 per cent. than that of January—a far more rapid rate of increase than in the previous after-panic year.

November bank clearings in the United States, with their increase of 7 per cent. over October, their approach within 5 per cent. even of the enormous exchanges of November, 1906, and the actual breaking of the record of 1906 in the returns of the agricultural West, are striking facts. Expanded as the bank clearings undoubtedly were by the outburst of speculation and by an abnormally early movement of the wheat to market, they must nevertheless have had a substratum of legitimate trade underneath them.

Business failures in November were in number the smallest of any month this year, barring September, and in liabilities the smallest of any month. They do, it must be admitted, still compare unfavorably with the November record of any year in the decade past except 1907, but they none the less show consecutive improvement.

What Stock Exchange trading has had to show, last month and this, every one knows already. Stock trading had no parallel in any previous November, except in 1905 and 1904. Very much of this must be ascribed to unwarranted speculation, but transactions in bonds, with only one parallel for magnitude in our previous history, must have more meaning. They show at least one genuine point of vantage in existing conditions, as compared with those of the similar date in any previous after-panic year. The investing community is not poor. It has not, as in 1894, been compelled to forego interest on a great part of its bond investments, and to prepare for assessments on its stocks. Defaulting bonds are rare, and stocks which paid dividends in 1906 generally pay dividends now. Nor does this reasoning apply alone to investments on the Stock Exchange. When one recalls how largely holders of mortgages on real estate, East and West, had to foreclose and patiently await the doubtful sale of the property in 1894 and 1874, one will understand how different the present situation is. The contrast doubtless goes far towards explaining the strong support of the recent investment market by what Wall Street calls the "outside public"; one may ask if it does not have some bearing also on general trade. People who can buy investment bonds can also spend money liberally among the merchants.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, Horace. Modern Power Gas Producer: Practice and Applications. D. Van Nostrand. $2.50 net.

Almanach de Gotha. 1909. Lemcke & Buechner.

Anthropology and the Classics. Six Lectures delivered before the University of Oxford. By Arthur J. Evans and others. Edited by R. R. Marett. Henry Frowde. $2.

Astronomical Observatory of Harvard College. Annals. Vol. LIV and Vol. LVII, Part ii. Cambridge: Published by the Observatory.

Blaine, Mrs. James G. Letters. Edited by Harriet S. Blaine Beale. 2 vols. Duffield.

Brownscombe, Fred J. State Control of Courses of Study, With Appendices on Religious Instruction and the Grading of School Systems. Silver, Burdett. $1.

Bywater, Ingram. The Erasmian Pronunciation of Greek and Its Precursors. Henry Frowde.

Carruth, William Herbert. Each in His Own Tongue, and Other Poems. Putnam. $1 net.

Carus, Paul. The Bride of Christ: A Study in Christian Legend Lore. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.

Comstock, Warren E. The Days of Long Ago, and Immortality. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

Cone, Richard Wood. The Speaking Voice: Its Scientific Basis in Music. Evans Music Co. $1.

Croce, Benedetto. Filosofia della Pratica: Economica ed Etica, Bari: Gius. Laterza.

Duyckinck, Whitehead Cornell, and Cornell, John. The Duyckinck and Allied Families. Tobias A. Wright. $5.

Empedocles, Fragments of. Translated into English Verse by William Ellery Leonard. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.

Eggeling, Otto, and Ehrenberg, Frederick. The Freshwater Aquarium and Its Inhabitants. Henry Holt. $2.

Fraser, G. M. The Lone Shieling, or The Authorship of the "Canadian Boat Song." Aberdeen: William Smith & Sons.

Fernald, James C. A Working Grammar of the English Language. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.50 net.

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Fox, Frances Margaret. Carlota: A Story of the San Gabriel Mission. Boston: L. C. Page. $1.
Gilbert, George Holley. Acts: The Second Volume of Luke's Work on the Beginnings of Christianity. Macmillan. 75 cts. net.
Hall, Edith H. The Decorative Art of Crete in the Bronze Age: A Dissertation. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.
Hamilton, William Wistar. How to Grow in the Christian Life. Philadelphia: Griffith & Rowland Press.
Haselden, Florence Taylor. Marion. Broadway Publishing Co. $1.
Hauptmann, Gerhart. Griechischer Frühling. Lemcke & Buechner.
Hayward, Francis Sidney. Helen Ayr: A Story of the Square Deal. Cochrane Publishing Co.
Herodoti Historiæ. 2 vols. Edited by Charles Hude. Henry Frowde.
Hesiod, The Poems and Fragments. Translated by A. W. Mair. Henry Frowde.
Higgins, D. W. The Mystic Spring and Other Tales of Western Life. Broadway Publishing Co. $1.50.
Hofmiller, Josef. Versuche. Munich: Süddeutsche Monatshefte.
Jones, E. Alfred. The Old Royal Plate in the Tower of London. Oxford: Fox, Jones & Co.
Joyce, George Hayward. Principles of Logic. Longmans, Green. $3.50 net.
Keep, Austin Baxter. History of the New York Society Library. Scribner. $7.50.
Kennedy, Charles Rann. The Winter Feast. Harper. $1.25.
King's English, The. Abridged for School Use. Henry Frowde. $1.25.
Krehbiel, Henry Edward. Chapters of Opera. Henry Holt. $3.50 net.
Lafond, Paul. La Sculpture Espagnole. Paris: Alcide Picard.
Lamb, Mary E. Irene Liscomb. Broadway Publishing Co. $1.50.
List, E. Brenda. Girton, My Friend. Cambridge: W. Heffer & Sons.
Livy, Selections from the First Decade. Edited by Omera Floyd Long. Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Co.
Ludovici, Anthony M. Who Is to Be Master of the World: An Introduction to the Philosophy of Nietzsche. Edinburgh: T. N. Foulis.
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